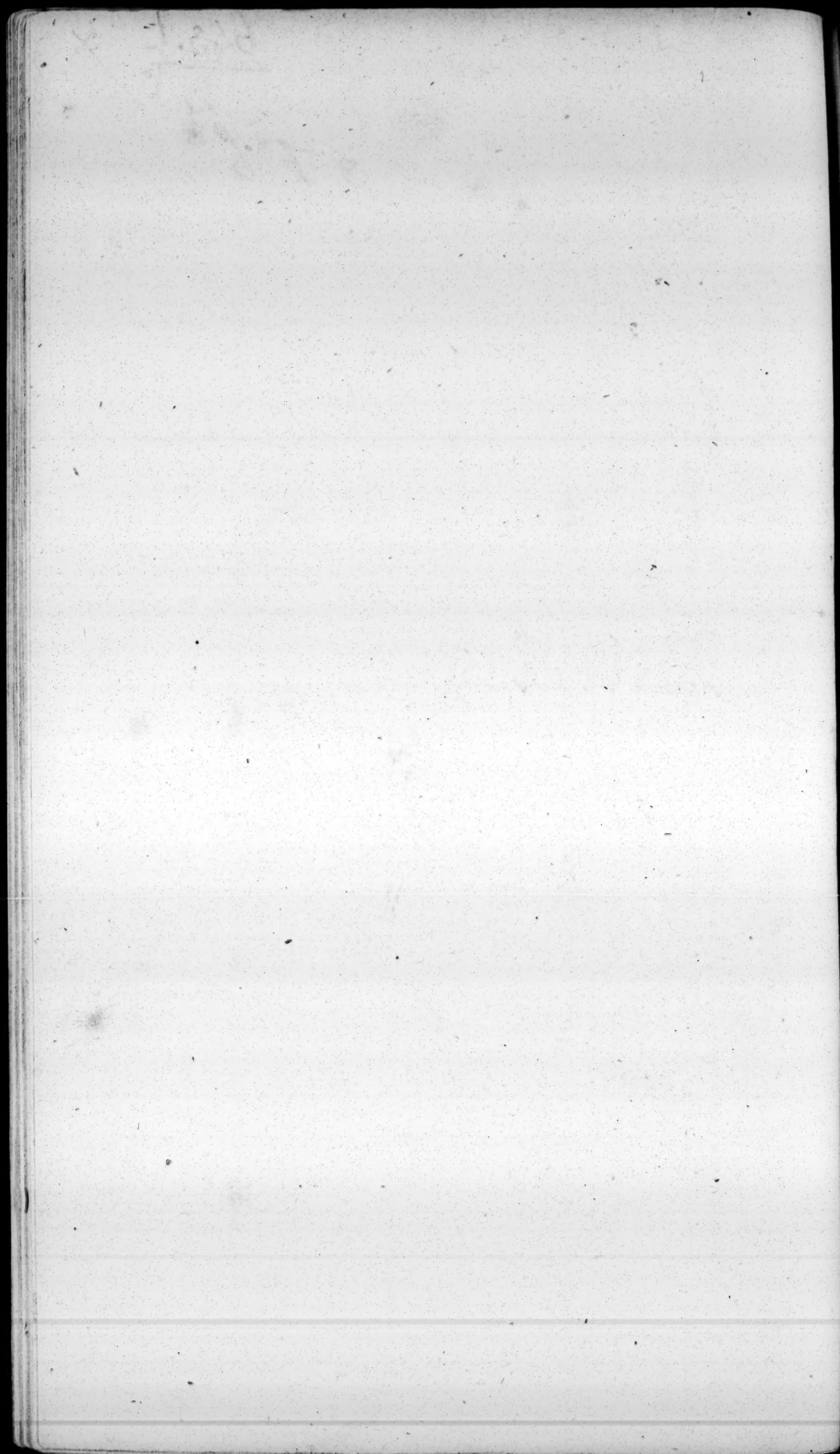


THE

Pettyfogger

DRAMATIZED.



THE

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Pettyfogger

DRAMATIZED;

In Two Acts.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LLOYD, LORD KENYON,

Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench.

"Such Things are."

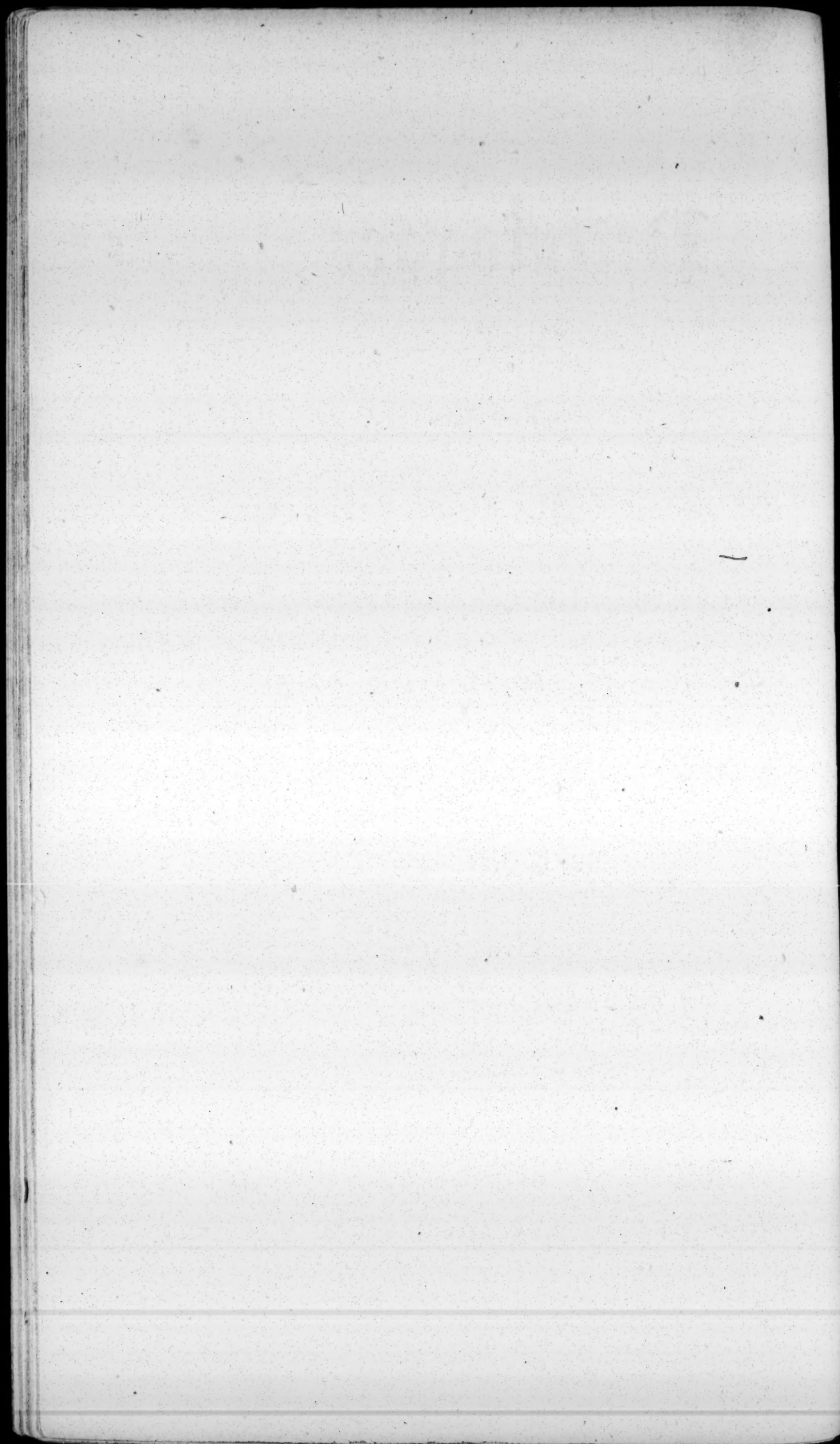
By T. B. JUNR.

WITH

A GLOSSARY ANNEXED.

LONDON, 1797.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND ENTERED AT STATIONERS-HALL.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LLOYD, LORD KENYON,

Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

TO whom can I inscribe a work of this nature with so much propriety as your Lordship? Not only because you represent the Person and legal power of our most gracious Sovereign, but because you have uniformly filled that representation, we will not coldly say, with unblemished integrity, but to the highest satisfaction of all honest men.

Your Lordship is too well acquainted with the history of the Bar, to render any detail necessary either of its beauties or imperfections. 'Tis more particularly useless in your Lordship's instance; because, while you have on the one hand both steadily and strenuously punished abuses, no man in the high station you fill has more honorably shewn himself upon all possible occasions, the Friend and Patron of rectitude and fair practice.

There are many persons, however, who not being perfectly well acquainted with the structure, (if I may be allowed the term) of our code of laws, are too apt to make a general and indiscriminate ridicule of what they call *absurdity*; and, with perhaps a vicious design, endeavour to erect imaginary abuses, purposely for the pleasure of censuring them.

Surely no unprejudiced and well informed man can deny that the construction of British Legislation is one of the

strongest existing proofs of the great extent of human wisdom. It is a sublime judicious and rational ordeal: And it must be the general hope, that trials by a Jury in a court of Judicature, may long be directed by a judge of your Lordship's quick discernment, sound legal knowledge, and inflexible integrity; assisted too, in the discovery of right, by Barristers of similar candour, ability, and humanity.

It would be presumption in me to expatiate further upon your Lordship's character, or to say any more of the Administration of Justice in our courts. Although it is a needless piece of tautology in me to repeat it, it is universally, allowed that you are a good lawyer, an upright judge, and, above all, an honest man; and that our jurisprudence is the admiration of the world.

Your Lordship needs no information of the depredations unprincipled attornies are committing; and it is with great satisfaction the well-meaning part of the community see your endeavours to stop the continuance of this NATIONAL EVIL by a just severity against the delinquents.

Trusting, with all due submission, that there is nothing in the following sheets which will deserve your Lordship's disapprobation, I am emboldened to subscribe myself, with the greatest veneration and respect,

Your Lordship's
most obedient, and
very humble servant,
The WRITER.

London, 1797.

To the READER.

THE AUTHOR of THE PETTYFOGGER DRAMATIZED; or, EPITOMIZED (for it is but a faint sketch of the malpractices of that nefarious body of men) is aware, that from them he shall find general rancour. From the fair practitioner he will meet no blame. And by the community, he humbly presumes he shall not be condemned.

To shew that he means not to reprobate the profession at large, he could say much; but he cannot do better than introduce the following quotation:

“ I am sure,” says the Rev. writer*, “ that every man
“ of liberality must confess, that the ill-conduct of one, of
“ ten, or of an hundred individuals, can be no true cause of
“ stigma upon any profession, or community; for instance,
“ Shall the profession of physic be disregarded and despised,
“ because an ignorant, or careless practitioner poisons, in-
“ stead of cures, his patients? Shall that excellent code of
“ laws of our constitution be condemned, as unconsti-
“ tutional, because there are rapacious barristers, and
“ petty-fogging attornies? Again, Shall the church be
“ stiled a brothel, and a nursery of covetousness and idle-
“ ness, because there are some clergymen who are unholy,
“ unclerical, covetous, vain, and lascivious?”

* *Vide* Rev. Jeth. Inwood, B.A. Curate of St. Paul, Deptford, his Sermon preached at West Malling, Kent, May 19th, 1794.

Every one must agree with this writer, that no rational man will condemn a system, on account of the unworthiness of some of the administrators of it.

The following pages are not meant to satyrize any particular individual, or to stigmatize that beautiful system of Reason, on which the Law itself is founded; but to expose the practices of abandoned and vicious attornies; and at the same time, to bring into view the difference of character between the artfully designing, and the upright and honorable practitioner. By these means, mankind may be led in distress to avoid the one, and fly to the other for assistance and redress.

Part of the language may be thought redundant. This is the case, not only in the writings, but conversation of Pettyfoggers; and therefore, to preserve the characters this error was unavoidable.

An apology should also be made for the vulgarity of many other parts of the dialogue, which must be attributed to the general conduct and behaviour of this description of persons. The whole is, however, humbly submitted to the candor and indulgence of the reader; and the writer hopes, that a perusal of this little DRAMA, may be found in some degree entertaining, and that it may be the means of saving some honest, unsuspecting man from ruin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. WOLF,	— The Pettyfogger,
FERRETT,	— His Managing Clerk,
BIBO and FILCHEY,	— Two Understrappers,
JEMMY HODDY-SLY,	} Insolvent Tradesmen,
and	
BOBBY CORDY-GOOSE,	} and Accommodation
SNAPP,	
	Men to Mr WOLF,
	— A Sheriff's Officer,
DICK CREDULOUS,	} A Young Gentleman
MEANWELL,	ruined by WOLF,
Mr. JUSTEN,	— A Tradesman in distress,
	— A respectable Attorney,
	} A Client of WOLF's and
OAKLEY,	
	the Friend of CRE-
	DULOUS and MARIA
	HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. WOLF,	— The Wife of WOLF,
MARIA HARDCASTLE,	— Her Sister,
Mrs. MEANWELL,	— The Wife of MEANWELL.

Clients, Servants, &c.

SCENES,

In London and Deed-poll-Hall in the Country.

QUI CAPIT ILLE FECIT.

A C T I. SCENE I.

Mr. WOLF's Office, Writing Table, Iron Chest,
Papers, &c.

Mr. WOLF (*solus reading.*)

"T H U S far into the bowels of the land."
Shakespeare, I thank you. A pretty
thought!—A good hint!—Now for the *bowels* of
my *clients*. What have I to do with Shakespeare?
IMPEY'S Practice is all the reading I want; and the
Common Law is my religion. What an ample
field does that said Common Law; lay open for the
exploits of a speculative genius!—Hah! they may
talk of their combinations and confederacies to
deceive and defraud mankind! To be sure their
JONES's and their IDSWELLS, to say nothing of the
pardon getting Goe, and many other jockies who ex-
hibit every sessions at the Old-Bailey are pretty
lads enough:—they are but mere felonious and
perjurious fellows. Now *Ferrett* and I can com-
mit more villainy, and disperse more misery and
ruin around us in one Term, than such rogues have

done in all their lives. And the best of it is too, that we do it *legally*; that is to say, *cum sanct: leg:* that is to say, with the sanction of the law. And, thus armed, we defy the whole bench of Judges to touch us. As for instance, see his Lordship's remarks upon the *squad* in Lyon's Inn.—Well, let them say what they will respecting Pettyfogging, and Chicanery Quibbling, and Quirking: let them hold us up as public nuisances; still the profession of the law is a glorious one, it gives a man such opportunities to be a villain. No man can be a complete, well finished scoundrel, unless he is an Attorney of one of the courts. The admission of an Attorney is somewhat like a Game-Licence: he may put up, hunt down, pursue entrap, ensnare, worry and destroy all mankind at pleasure, under the cover of that special qualification and authority.—I *love* the calling.—I always felt an irresistible impulse to knavery, and no man labours more in the pursuit of it than I do.—“Let the law run,” is my toast; and “Go on,” is my motto. And “Run” and “Go on” it shall, while I can hold a pen to write “Middlesex to wit. The sheriff is commanded to take the body of—” There's language for you; there's emphasis of expression; there's argument and stile. Learned men indeed may talk of the powers and sublimity of language, *their* rhetoric may captivate the ear, and awaken the fine feelings of the heart—*mine* speaks to the man—puts his whole system into commotion and agitation; it throws him into convulsions

vulsions, and arrests all his faculties. Dr. *Dumain-auduc* never produced a crisis by Animal Magnetism so powerful as I daily occasion by the aid and assistance of friend SNAP with a warrant from the sheriff. (*calls Ferret*)

Enter FERRET.

Ferret. Sir!

Wolf. Come, Ferret, where are your Launcets? we must *bleed* some of the dupes. Bring the *Cause paper*. But first enter the business of the day.

[*Exit Ferret.*

This same Ferret is a proper game chicken, and the best hand at an *Affidavit* I ever bred. He'll logically do away the turpitude, that is to say, the wrong and injury of a false oath, with any man in England. He has *buffed* at least one thousand in my service. He never reads the contents, nor indeed should he, that's no matter of *his*; but only, as he very *pointedly observes*, not as to the truth of the matter contained therein, but as to his own proper hand writing being thereunto subscribed. Why he's a very *Crossley*, without the aid of an Extraordinary. Old *Big-wig* frightened the poor devil a little t'other day; and indeed that cursed paper, which seems to be retained by his Lordship to report his damned ill natured and ungentleman like animadversions upon some of us practisers, gave me an infernal wipe. I really believe poor Ferret had some small symptoms of contrition; something like a wounded conscience. Pshaw!

the *Flat* ! What have we Gentlemen of the profession to do with feelings ? Nothing should appal a thorough practitioner, but the absolute gripe of the court. If we can steer clear of their enquiry, and avoid the hand of justice, we have nothing to do with any other consideration whatever. We live by the distresses of mankind ; not by the rectitude of our proceedings. Their ruin is our harvest ; and if we let them peaceably enjoy their property, we must want bread ourselves.

Enter FERRET with the Cause-paper.

Fer. There, Sir, (*aside*) and there's mischief enough in it !

Wolf. Sue out writs against the Drawer and the five Indorsers of that note for eight pounds. It was due yesterday, and probably may be taken up this afternoon.—So ; I see Oakley has left the cash to pay Pusher's debt and costs. I must be shy of that fellow Oakley. He has been a good client ; but I have played him a few tricks, and made him a little wary, the dog is not of a description to be tampered with. No, damme, he carries too many guns for me. Nevertheless, we must let him go on ; we must "*keep moving*." I like to give a brother practitioner his turn. 'Tis not right to settle a cause too hastily. Go to Mr. Spade, and get the thirty pounds I lent him last week : tell him if he don't give it you I'll *bum* him.

Fer. You know, Sir, he promised it you to-morrow.

Wolf.

Wolf. Damn his promises! Go and get the *rub-bish*, I say, stop—as I know he can't pay me 'till to-morrow give me a *Latitat*, and an affidavit stamp. When you come back, you shall swear to the debt, and give the writ to Snap.

Fer. How can I swear to the debt, Sir? I did not see you give him the money.

Wolf. But you can swear can't you, that he promised to pay me to-morrow? And does not that imply, that he is justly and truly indebted to me?—Look ye, Ferret,—I have as much regard as any man to my safety: (others might say *reputation*) What is reputation? a mere bubble!—Nothing but a little soap-lather, and a tobacco-pipe. Something like the frontispiece to Pope's *Essay on Man*. Reputation is an obsolete word among us, and conscience, as old Macklin says, *an unparliamentary one*. But, as I was saying, I have as much regard for my safety as any man, and consequently for yours; for we are dependent on each other. Yet since his Lordship rapt your knuckles, and *libelled* me, I perceive you are a little qualmish.—What d'ye fear? Botany-Bay is *a thriving state*, and the discipline of a house of correction will *restore and preserve your health*. If you dislike my practice, pay me what you owe me, and be missing: Brush! dam'me, I'll have no qualms in my office.—You may have mental reservations, but no hesitations. Off hand—dispatch and execution is the very life and soul of the Common Law.

Fer.

Fer. (*aside*) We shall be all locked up for our lives : That will be the end of it. It can't last.

Exit Fer.

Wolf. (*writes*) "Hungary Wolf, one, &c. mak-
"eth oath that Joseph Spade is justly and truly
"indebted unto him this Deponent in the sum of
"thirty pounds money lent." Now then (*writes*)
"George the Third by the grace of God of Great
"Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the
"Faith, and so forth." The "Sheriff is com-
manded to take."—There is a preamble for you!—
There's your *Multum in parvo*!—The greatest and
best of monarchs in the universe—the grace of God
—Three mighty kingdoms, and the faith of all his
Majesty's subjects—all, all in a line or two!—Oh the
great comprehension of legal compositions!—Why
a Law suit is a system of war; a continual routine
of battles, sieges, forties, blockades, and bombard-
ments. And, in *War*, as in *Law*, both parties, too
generally find themselves in error, as the French
did in Bantry-Bay.—Damn the French! they must
not come here! if they do there's an end of *Law*,
and my exit in all probability will be *a-la lanterne*.
(*calls Bibo.*)

Enter BIBO.

Bibo. (*aside*) What's the rigg now?

Wolf. What's Filchey about!

Bibo. He's gone to Snapp's, Sir!

Wolf. Go and fetch a pint of Purl with Gin and
Bitters in it.

Exit Bibo.

Enter

Enter FERRET.

Fer. Mr. Spade says, Sir, that he has not a Guinea in the house, but he certainly will let you have the stuff to-morrow according to his promise.

Wolf. And, according to my promise in that behalf made, I'll *bum* him.—There, swear the Affidavit, and give the writ to Snap.—Tell him if he don't *bum* the Defendant he shall never *bum* for me again.—Haven't I, firrah, brought *at least five thousand actions*,—and did I ever before give a man the fair play of asking him for the debt first?—Dam'me, they shan't stick it into me so.—I shall be ruined and starved!—

Exit Fer.

Enter BIBO with Purl. WOLF hides it.

Bibo. Sir, Bett, at the *Blue Bristles* says, you owe her for three pints and a welch rabbit.

Wolf. Here, swear her out of it if you can, if not, pay her.

Bibo. (aside) I've done the Old-one; he paid this last week.—

Exit Bibo.

(Wolf, calls Filchey). Enter Filchey.

Look into that drawer, you'll find a Turkey and three Capons; put 'em into the blue bag, and take 'em to the Stage—

Fil. (aside) Now if I could *make one* of these Capons, it would do, for he won't give me a Sunday's dinner 'cause I won't wait at Table.

Exit Fil.

D

Enter

Enter GOOSE.

Wolf. Ah! Bobby Cordy, my dear little fellow, how are you?—You must be early on Monday to justify. You'll dine with me to-morrow.—Bring old Surly with you; he has the *bit*. Look over those bills—you must swear to 'em as Indorsee.—Have you any body to sue, Bobby?

Goose. Upon my soul, Mr. WOLF, I'm agham'd to shew myself in Court.—I'm as well known as the Cryer. As to these Affidavits, I shall be *had* some day or other; and then what's to become of my Wife and Family?—for you know the Court says, “they are no extenuation, as they ought to be considered before the commission of the crime—” you will be the utter ruin of Jemmy Hoddy Sly and me.—

Wolf. Here, Bobby, take a drop of Purl. As to Hoddy, Bob, why he is a fellow I don't much care about; he is an impudent mongrel, and I want to *cut him*. To be sure I robbed him of what little property he had: ill got it was, however I did him the justice to make a decent rogue of him; though in truth, I had not much trouble in that respect, for he knew the Rudiments, and was an apt Scholar.—He has now nothing to obstruct his progress; he has neither money, credit, nor honesty left; and so he cannot fail of doing well in the world.—As to you, my dear Bobby Cordy, I would not hurt a hair of your head—but as I was saying Bobby,—have you any body to sue?

Goose.

Goose. Why no, Sir, I think I have sued too much; I am afraid I have hurt my credit by it. Let me see—there is young Trusty. To be sure I promised to give him six months credit, but not before a witness. You may give him *a copy of uneasiness*.—You could n't let me have three or four, could you?

Wolf. I'll be damn'd, my dear Bobby, if I have not parted with the last shilling. *The Blackguards* have been robbing me all the morning.—Call in an hour, it shall be done. I am a little busy now.—Here take a drop of purl: you will remember tomorrow.—Bring any with you who has the *quids*: you know I keep open house on Sundays.

Exit Goose.

An Attorney might as well be without a Country-house as a Bailiff without a follower, a Crimp without his decoy girls,—or a Western Army without a battallion of blood-hounds!—There's something so fascinating in it.—“Well, my dearest,” says a client to his wife, “we'll dine with Mr “Wolf on Sunday. Is'n't it a charming pretty “place, my love?—I do believe he's the honestest “Lawyer in England. He certainly is a nice little man. How genteely he treats us.” Yes, poor dear creatures! I do treat them genteely;—I cram 'em, as the Antients did sacrifices, to make the better offerings of them, for they must all be slain at my altar. (*calls Bibo*) *Enter Bibo.*

Bibo!

Bibo ! lock up the papers. — I shall be in Town on Monday Morning. *Exit Wolf.*

Bibo. There he goes. I *had him* at the Purl rigg, though—I am obliged to *do him* now and then to supply the common necessaries of life.

SCENE II.

Mr. and Mrs. Meanwell's Parlour. (Mrs. M. at needle-work; Mr. M. looking over his books.)

Mr. Mean. I am weary of turning over the ledger ; the losses I have sustained are enormous — Heaven grant us a speedy and honourable peace ! WAR, however *just and necessary* its origin may be, or in its progress beneficial to a few individuals, is dreadfully ruinous to the community at large.

Mrs. Mean. It is not for us women to trouble our heads about Politics ; but we cannot help lamenting a War, while we see and feel the direful effects of it. I have no doubt our gracious Sovereign and his ministers, are taking means the most likely for the happiness of the people, the restoration of Peace, and that we shall have at a moderate rate a supply of that plenty which the Almighty so abundantly bestows on this country.

Mr. Mean. I trust they are, my dear ; for we are a people well deserving all the exertions of our monarch for our welfare. The times are indeed hard, but we must submit to the dispensations of Providence ; and by a true regard for our country,

country, a loyal attachment to our king, and due support of the government, endeavour to prevent those evils which threaten all Europe. The miserable system of our neighbours, began in rebellion, and pursued with a ferocity and barbarism unprecedented in the annals of modern history, should be a warning to us not to encourage the vicious propensities and vile insinuations of designing men. Alas! my private concerns too deeply affect me.—By repeated losses my affairs are in a state I dare hardly describe to you.—To think that such excellence as yours should know distress, is a dreadful apprehension. But it is weak to anticipate—If matters stop here, and I can procure a temporary assistance, all may be well.

Mrs Mean I feel, my love, too sensibly feel your situation; yet I will bear it with resignation: and I assure you no alteration of your circumstances can alienate my affections towards you, which are firm and immutable as the ordinances of that Supreme Being before whom I pledged my faith to you.—There are women who have not souls to share in the adversity of their husbands: mine is superior to such base desertions.—Your embarrassments doubtless must make me unhappy, but in the continuance of your love, I shall be rich, even in the most abject state—far, far beyond the conception of the wife who flies from the man of her choice in his distress, and adds to his suf-

ferings the poignant wounds of infidelity and contempt.

Mr. Mean. Of all this, my dear, I am well satisfied ; and the knowledge gives me the well-grounded hope that Providence will not forsake me : were it only for thy dear sake.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. SLY is below, Sir.

Mr. Mean. Pshaw ! Desire him to come up.

Exit Servant.

This SLY is an intruding fellow. Our acquaintance is but slight ; however, he may be a good kind of a man, and his intimacy with Oakley is some recommendation.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Your servant, Ma'am ! How are you, Master Meanwell ? I was going by, and so I thought I might as well drop in and take *Nine Corns* with you.

Mr. Mean. Pray be seated, Sir. I'll put up my books, and shall be glad of your company. My Dear, fend in a bottle of ale, with some pipes and tobacco. *(Exit Mrs Mean.)*

Really, Mr. Sly, wine is now become so heavy an article, that it is hardly within the reach of a tradesman's enjoyment. *(Enter servant with ale, &c.)*
—Come, Sir, “ The King ! ”

Sly

Sly. "The King!" Sir, your ale is excellent.—
Dasb it, I have not drank such for some time.—
Aye, aye, Master, Wine is a serious article; *Gin*
and *Entire*, are my chief drinks. What d'ye
think of public affairs? These are *sad broken-*
kneed times!—I don't know what I should have
done, if it had not been for my attorney.—
You've seen Mr. Wolf at the Pigeons:—Aye,
he's a nice bit of parchment! one of the best
fellows in the world:—there are but few, but
he certainly is AN HONEST LAWYER!—And then
so friendly and accommodating! Why, fir, he'll
assist any man with fifty or an hundred pounds,
who has the least recommendation to him; and
that's no bad list, Master!—the best of us are
now and then in want of the *coriander-seed*.

Mr. Mean. Indeed, Mr. Sly, there are very few
men in trade who are not to be served in that way.
I find there is not that certainty in payments and
remittances which were wont to be.——

Sly. Come, Master, I'll give you a toast: "*May
the wounds of Necessity be healed by the soft plaisters
of ABRAHAM NEWLAND!*"

Mr. Mean. A very good one, fir. I assure you
a few of those plaisters would not be unacceptable
to me at this time.

Sly. *Dasb it*, Master! Why don't you apply to
your Attorney?

Mr. Mean. Attorney, Sir! Attornies are not
money-lenders.

Sly.

Sly. Ah! now 'tis a pity you don't employ Wolf. Why, as I told you before, I never want a *fifty*, or so. I would not give a fig for any attorney who won't discount a bill. — Let me see, Master: — You want *an hundred pounds*, I suppose? I'll tell you what — Here's to you! (*drinks*) Now I think I can get you this 100l. WOLF will certainly discount your bill at three weeks; for which he will of course expect a *fee*. Will that do? Give me your hand. Dash it, if I can serve a man, I will. Come, draw a bill upon yourself, and accept it, payable to Wolf. (*Meanwell writes*) — He has took the bait (*aside*). Well, you shall have the *mopusses*.

Mr. Mean. Sir, I am so much obliged, I know not how to express——

Sly. Say nothing, Master! Say nothing. I am sufficiently rewarded in doing you or any man a service: We were born to give each other help. I've help'd many— (*aside.*) to ruin. — Good actions carry with them great recompences. Farewell—Fare ye well. *Exit Sly.*

Enter MRS. MEANWELL.

Mr. Mean. My dear, I find we may be deceived by hasty judgments. — To be sure, I never had a good opinion of Mr. Sly; but really he appears to me a good kind of a man — a little peculiar in his manners; rather suspicious in the affected hesitation in his speech — and not very prepossessing in his

his features. However, he has in a most generous manner offered to get my note discounted by Mr. Wolf, an Attorney ; which will at this time be of infinite service to me.

Mrs. Mean. Undoubtedly, you are the best judge, my dear, of these concerns ; but I do not like Mr. Sly. I have heard strange things of him. As to Mr. Wolf, I tremble at the idea of an Attorney of his known character. I hope no mischief may arise from this accommodation.

Mr. Mean. I cannot, my dear, see any possible. If I take up the bill when it becomes due, there ends the connection.

Mrs. Mean. And God send it may end there !

Mr. Mean. Well, my dear, I shall be more cautious in future, and must take the more care to be punctual in this instance. Adieu, I shall return to supper.

Exit Mr. Mean.

Mrs. Mean. Notwithstanding the fortitude I have assumed, I am terrified, to death at Mr. Meanwell's situation. O POVERTY, how dreadful art thou, even in idea ! — POVERTY, the worst of human ills ! — How lost the victim ! — all his actions are misrepresented, and under its influence, every species of guilt is implicated ! — Where is the poor man whom the world does not injure and condemn ? Every living soul is his foe ; and e'en the brute creation are his enemies. He must be

E

vicious

vicious, base, and abandoned; because he is *poor*! Hint that he is dishonest and dishonourable, the certainty of it is stamped beyond a doubt by his *penury*. Despised, persecuted, and forsaken by the *world*—by the *father*, who begat him, by his *kindred*;—And most affecting thought, perhaps by the *very wife* of his bosom!—Wronged by all, and unable to get right from any, this object of adversity drags on a miserable existence, 'till death takes him from a world become hateful to him. Then, when the grave shields him from the rancour of mortality, it is discovered that he possessed *virtues* which ought to have been cherished;—*Talents*, which ought to have been encouraged; and had a *heart*, tho' checquered with many foibles, yet replete with the *noblest principles* and full of “*the milk of human kindness*.” Such is the direful state of *need*—Heaven defend us from it—and guard my dear Mr Meanwell against the arts of WOLF and SLY!—

Exit Mrs Meanwell.

SCENE III.

Mr. WOLF's Office.

Wolf. (calls Ferret)

Enter FERRET.

Who has called?

Fer. Mr. Oakley, Sir, *in his airs*. He swears he'll move the Court against you. Mr. Upright, the

the Attorney, he says "we have *snapped judgment* in the cause." *Villainy against Honesty!* Mr. Bats the Attorney—he says, he'll go hand in hand with you in the cause:—*Imprudence and Absurdity!*—but advises that it may not go into Court.

Wolf. Go into Court!—No, no, Ferret, we *must keep out of Court*. There's nothing to be got by trying a cause.—always *pass* your *record* and deliver your *briefs* to council. Stop there, if you can. Damn Oakley. I must settle his matter, or he'll move the Court; and in that case I am afraid the Court will move me—to Newgate. As to the judgment in *Honesty's* cause;—let it stand.—If they move to set it aside, you must *buff* it. *Bats* is a good sort of a jolly-fellow;—a little bull-headed, or so—but he has brains enough for the Common Law.—Damm'me if they were all like *Bats*, we should soon strip the dogs.—

Fer. Mr. Hoddy Sly—Sir?

Exit Fer.

Enter SLY.

Wolf. What, Hoddy, my boy! under what old wall have you buried yourself this day or two?—

Sly. Why dash it, I've been upon the look out, Master o'mine—I must be *doing*, you know.—Do you know Meanwell, the Draper? he uses the Pigeons.

Wolf. Yes, what of him? he's *sound*, I'm told, —I should like to *stick it into him*. Dam'me! couldn't one get a few of his *rags*?

E 2

Sly.

Sly. Why aye, to be sure, master.—I've got a bit of a rag of his in my pocket, now. There, give me a cheque for it, and deduct 20l. for the accommodation. If he pays it, 'tis a good introduction; he must be your client out of gratitude—if not, you'll have a fine opportunity to ruin him, and sack the plunder!

Wolf. Well, my faithful Jackall. I trust to you, — (*writes*) there's a cheque. Let me see! I must make a memorandum: Where's the *cause-paper*?—“*discounted Meanwell's Acceptance at five and twenty per cent*——RUIN HIM.”—'Tis *all up* with him, *Sly*.—That *memo's* fatal.—Just such a one, *Sly*, I made when I first saw you:—and you know how fully I have performed it.—

Sly. Yes, dash it, master, you have performed it duly. Come, hand us over *five pieces*,—a *five pounder*, and a dollar will do: Or a *one, two, or three pounder*, and the rest in cash. I don't doubt Bank Security—I wish I had a million of 'em.

Wolf. Five pieces, *Sly*!—Dam'me, where am I to get five pieces? Hav'nt I given you one hundred this moment? No, *Sly*, I can't stand that *Lunge*.

Sly. But, Master, you shall stand that *Lunge*: or you shall stand where you'll not like to be exhibited. Look'ye, *Wolf*, I have served you—am serving you—and will serve you.—I began roguery by necessity, brought upon me in a great measure
by

by your knavery—It *increased* under your auspices, is now *increasing*, and shall not be *diminished*. But these accumulating commodities must be productive to me, too. “*Honour among thieves*,” You know, eh! Master! Do I stick at any thing? Am I like that poor, little, timid animal, Bobby Cordy? So down with the *dust* — or I declare war! Come! War, or Peace? Make your election.

Wolf. (*aside*) Damn the blackguard! Now I must tip him the *rino*, or he'll play hell with me. There, Sly, there's three for you.

Sly. No, dash it, master, I must have *five*: come, my *little Goliah*—there's only two of these *good looking pictures* betwixt you and the *Pillory*, hand 'em over!

Wolf. (*aside*) Damn the fellow, he sticks to one as fast as old mortar! there—

gives him t'other two guineas.

Sly. (*aside*) Dash it! I did'nt think I should have kicked the *knowing one*.—Farewell, master!—

Exit Sly.

Wolf. — (*calls Ferret*)

Enter Ferret.

—— Get me some purl and gin. *Exit Fer.*

That fellow Sly always *kicks* me, in spite of my soul. I've taught him to be 'such a *black*, that he'd as soon hang me as any other man.

Enter Ferret with purl.

Exit Fer.

(drinks) — Blessed Beverage! Balsamic tincture! Great restorative of nature! — Now curse Sly's five guineas — damn all compunction! Care is dissipating, and ere long will be fled.

Enter Ferret.

Fer. Sir, I should be obliged to you for a little money: I am almost famishing.

Wolf. You must keep 'till to-morrow. I haven't a shilling in the world.

Fer. (aside) I can't endure this much longer.

Exit Fer.

Wolf. While I keep that fellow a beggar, I am sure of him. If he had a belly-full, and a good coat upon his back, he'd leave me. And yet I don't know that he can; for no man of credit would take a clerk out of my office. *Exit.*

Enter Ferret.

Fer. How shall I extricate myself from the claws of this vulture? The errors of my youth threw me in his way; he relieved my distress for the purpose of enslaving me. Ten long years have I waded through the most complicated iniquities to enrich this monster. My adherence to him has disobliterated my friends, wasted my best days, and sullied my good fame for ever. I must either endure this drudgery, or be sent to jail. I will, if possible

possible over-reach him. But how? He is impregnable to an attack by villainy; I must undermine him by *honesty*, a material I have long been without.

Enter 1st Client.

1st Cli. Mr. Ready tells me he has paid the debt and costs: I should be glad of my money.

Fer. You can't have it, 'till the return of the writ.

1st Client. 'Tis false, Ferret, the officer paid Wolf, yesterday. I'll go to law no more. My *Debtor* might as well hold my money as my *Attorney*.
Exit.

Enter 2d Client.

2d Cli. Have you written to Tardy?

Fer. Mr. Wolf told me you had given instructions to sue, so I issued an Original; your Clerk swore to the debt, the Defendant was *bum'd* last night, and gave bail this morning.

2d Cli. Mr. Wolf mistook me. I would not have the world think that I took the advantage of an honest man's temporary embarrassments to enrich attornies. To be sure Tardy has been a little *long winded*. I meant only to *press* not to *oppress* him; he has for many years been a good customer to me. — *And now while public faith is so absolutely necessary, private forbearance must be equally so.*

Enter 3d Client.

3d Cli. I can't think, Ferret, where this cause of delay is! 'Tis now three years since Wolf undertook

undertook my business, and nothing done: he has had considerable sums on account. I must apply to another attorney.

Fer. Go to another attorney: first pay our costs, and then you shall have your papers.

3d Cli. Very well, Sir. Thus I am required for employing and recommending Wolf! *Exit.*

Fer. Wolf does use his clients damn'd ill. But I can't help that.

Enter BIBO and FILCHEY.

Well, my little *red tail*, what have you been at?

Bibo. Dam me, I've been swallowing gin-punch with Snap. He has bum'd SPADE, and receiv'd the debt and costs. It was damn'd shabby of Wolf, was'n't it, Ferret?

Filch. Shabby! Aye. I expect you'll all be hanged one of these days. The best way to keep my neck out of the halter, is to run away. And so good bye to you. *Exit Filchey.*

Fer. Allons! Lets see if we can make a dinner.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Mr. CREDULOUS'S Apartments.

Cred. Could we foresee the dreadful effects of intemperance and dissipation, so many would not be plunged into misery. Pleasure is too fascinating to oppose — We slide down the stream with inconsiderateness,

considerateness, 'till we find ourselves sinking in the whirlpool of destruction. It was my ill-fortune, in the full career of licentiousness, to be introduced to Wolf; — He saw, and preyed upon the unsuspecting generosity of my nature; — he led from one difficulty to another; — and in the end, having reduced me to a pitiful annuity, he is now rioting in the possession of my inheritance. I have, however, hopes in the exertions of Mr. JUSTIN, an attorney of a very different description.

Enter Mr. JUSTIN.

I was, Sir, ruminating on my situation, and buoying up my spirits with the hopes of your services. — I presume you have considered my case. Will the Law relieve me?

Mr. Just. The laws, Sir, are competent to redress every injury, where the injury can be made appear. I fear you have, by conveyances on the face of them legal, defeated the power of a court of Equity. — And unless you can prevail upon the witnesses to be honest, and disclose the fraud of the transaction, you are without relief. Indeed, Mr. Wolf's answer to your bill precludes the possibility of your regaining possession of your estate. —

Mr. Cred. I return you many thanks, Sir; and I lament that in the first hour of embarrassment I did not happen to fall into your hands. — I stand corrected too, for having in the moment of resentment, condemned the whole body of a profession, on account of the bad conduct of an individual.

F

Mr.

Mr. Just. I confess, I am hurt that a profession in itself so useful to Society should be brought into disrepute by the scandalous practices of some of its professors; but the time will come, when by the wise regulations of parliament, and the laudable exertions of our Judges, the practice of the Law will resume its former respectability. Sir, I wish you well. If any favourable circumstance should occur to establish your claim, I shall be happy to give every assistance in my power.

Exit Justin.

Cred. So then, this man-destroyer must remain in the possession of my patrimony, after having reduced me to penury—Was this the worst of my fate, I should not so much repine. Alas! while I was forfeiting my estate, to the vilest of mankind—I was surrendering my heart to the best, and most beautiful of her sex—and not aware of the fatal consequences which hung over me, obtained possession of her's. To leave the habitation of my Ancestors, and in it the idol of my soul, will indeed be a hard trial. But it must be so!—The Field of Honour is open—and there never was a time when the valour of Britons is more peculiarly called for.—I wish the Legislature would send the horde of pettyfogging Attornies which infest this Country, to fight the savage Regicides on the other side the water. I'll once more see Maria, and then for the War.

Exit Credulous.

SCENE

SCENE V.

DEED - POLL - HALL.

*Mr. WOLF's Garden. Mrs. WOLF and MARIA
HARDCASTLE at Work.*

Maria. Sister, I would not suffer Mr. Wolf's conduct to afflict me—are we not all deceived in him? It is astonishing, for he really possesses qualifications to be eminently amiable, that he should be so notoriously wicked! Has he not ruined Mr. Credulous, and now withholds my fortune? Alas! Credulous, you know not the heart of your Maria; she would walk in any sphere of life with you: but he has too much honor to involve me in his distress.

Mrs. Wolf. I may be blameable for suffering the cruel usage of Mr. Wolf to affect me. You are a stranger, Maria, to the strong ties of wedded love, and the eloquent pleadings of an unoffending offspring.—

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Credulous is within, Ma'am.

Mrs. Wolf. Tell Mr. Credulous we shall be glad of his company here.

Exit Servant.

I shall leave you, Maria;—a third person in some companies is an intruder.

Exit Mrs. Wolf.

Maria. It is in vain to conquer a passion virtuously founded and long cherished.—The first time I saw Mr. Credulous, I felt the warmest emotions

in his favor :—when I heard from Wolf he was a man of property and embarrassed, my heart bled for him, I viewed him as the destined victim to the basest impositions; the event has fatally justified my suspicions. Ferret could discover the treachery, but he is too much in the habit of deception to do a good action.

Enter CREDULOUS.

Cred. Maria, I am come to try your fortitude, and I hope to receive the confirmation of your truth. I must leave you—Mr. Justin has told me that I have no chance of success against Wolf—I am determined to enter as a volunteer into his Majesty's service.—I may get a commission.—Should I live to return, will my Maria share a Soldier's fortune?

Maria. Share your fortune !—Ah ! Credulous, there are times when a woman of the nicest delicacy may, without reproach, avow the feelings of her soul :—Yes, Credulous, you have long been the nearest and dearest concern of my heart : and, in spite of all the prudery of our sex—if you desire it, I will follow you this moment to the Field of Battle.—

Cred. No, my noble Maid, thy beauties were not formed to endure the storms of weather, and the fatigues of a Campaign—Nor thy mild and tender nature to see the ravages of battle.—Cheer up, my love !—Should I fortunately be serviceable to my Country, I shall meet my reward. A BRITISH COMMANDER *never fails to acknowledge the merit*

merit of his Inferiors—and a BRITISH KING never neglects the Representation.—Let us, my dear Maria, pledge ourselves to preserve the most inviolable affection ;—let us sustain with resignation our cruel separation, with the fond hopes that ere long we shall meet again, never more to part, until an inevitable dissolution shall happen—and after that, to meet again where parting cannot be.—I'll see your Sister.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A Room in DEEDPOLL-HALL, elegantly furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. WOLF, MARIA, and CREDULOUS.

Wolf. Well, Credulous, I hope you are now satisfied that all your efforts can't shake my TITLE. I'll do something for you, if I can :—You have been a damn'd fool, but never mind that. What do you think of my improvements here, *Credo*?—There's my hot-houses, succession-houses, green-houses, strawberry-beds, asparagus-beds, all the beds possible.—Aye, and down in the pavilion, I've got one of Dr. GRAHAM'S *electric* beds—I've taken down walls, grub'd up trees, planted, transplanted—done every thing to make a charming, delightful, and most desirable villa of it—I'll be damn'd if there's a Judge in the *three courts*, or any attorney in the *four counties*, has such an one. When a man has spirit and taste, and the premises *are his own*—eh ! *Credo*, he may do any thing.

thing. Now, if this estate had remained your's, you wouldn't have made any alterations, I suppose? Blast me! your ancestors ought to rise from their graves, for taking the old mansion and premises off your hands, and thus making it *a model of superlatively modern elegance, and in every minutia fit for the immediate reception of a family of the first fashion, distinction, or emigration.*

Cred. Look'ye, I am not disposed for such descriptions.—I am going abroad, and came here to take leave of Mrs. Wolf and Maria.

Wolf. You may go to Rome, or to the devil, if you please, I'll stay where I am. I say, Credo, you'll pay my costs in chancery first, won't you? *(to Mrs. Wolf.)* — Well, my dear, how have you been since I saw you?

Mrs. Wolf. You cannot imagine, my dear, I can be happy—my anxiety has been great.—I wish you would let us know of your intentions, that we may not set up night after night, and that I may not have these constant fears for your safety.

Wolf. See, Credo, what it is to be married!—Blast me, you're a lucky dog—necessity is a blessing to you.—The want of property, won't suffer you to marry.—Have I not provided *a palace for her—beautiful lawns—extensive pleasure-grounds—an highly finished equipage, and a perfectly sound and truly corresponding pair of greys?*—there can be nothing for her to wish—But, damnation seize me, a woman is never satisfied — always something wanting.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Wolf. You're right, my love, we have a palace — but it is *the palace of want!* Your Sunday feasts, however they may answer your purpose, are to us a grievous tantalization; the fragments are soon gone, or pall upon our stomachs, while you are living in town, in luxury and excess. — You know best, Mr. Wolf, if making your wife miserable, and tyrannizing over, and starving your family, can further your well-doing. Pursue the plan—but I have my doubts.

Wolf. Your doubts! dam'me, Madam, get upstairs! — Out, I say ———

Exit Mrs Wolf.

Maria, your sister is always in her airs. See if Bibo is come: — Tell the cook to dress the fish I brought down — take the key, and let's have some wine, and the rum-bottle.

Exit Maria.

Now, Credo, we've got rid of these vipers, we'll be snug——

Credo. I presume, Sir, you mean, by being snug, to be harmonious; and to be so, there must be a congeniality of disposition and sentiment— You may be *snug* with a common depredator, and *comfortable*, in the society of the violators of all right and humanity — You are far beneath my notice, and too contemptible for my resentment— I leave you to the hands of public justice, which
though

though slow to punish, will in due time, stop your career of infamy and rapine.

Exit Cred.

Wolf. Poor devil! I might have something to fear from such heat of temper in many men.—He's a poor dog—and a man of honour!—The utmost he can do, is to despise me; and that all who know me, do already. Blast me, I'm flat—*(drinks)* dam'me, 'tis all my eye, *Betty Martin*—and she was *Fenny Slang's* sister—Stop, dam'me, I'm below *par*—*(drinks)* curse it—hav'n't I enough to support me?—

“What have I with care to do?”—

Yes, dam'me, but I have!—I have enemies of a very dangerous complexion—the injuries I have done them, will arouse their revenge.—Besides, I have attracted the notice of the Judges; and there is no tampering with His Majesty's *Right Trusty and Well Beloveds*—Blast me, “FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CÆLUM.” I'll wind up my affairs, and quit the common law. In fact, it has become too common a nuisance to be longer practised, in my way, against the unfortunate and industrious.—Hereafter I'll soar in a higher sphere—*Annuity and Post-obit jobbing*. There'll be some honour in ruining *Lords* and *Honourables*—Besides, there'll be no inhumanity in it, for their persons are privileged from a jail, by their nobility and high-blood.

Exit Wolf.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.

WOLF'S Office.

Wolf. I am very queer; Credulous bother'd me with his impudence—But I've nothing to apprehend if Ferret remains *staunch*—why should he not? he has done *all kind of work* for me.—

Enter FERRET with a Letter.

Fer. A Letter, Sir, from Mr. Meanwell.

Wolf. (reads) “*Mr. Meanwell is extremely sorry
“ an unexpected occurrence prevents his taking up his
“ Acceptance for 100l.—The day after to-morrow he
“ will certainly do so, and hopes Mr. Wolf will take
“ into consideration the high discount, and wait 'till
“ then.*”—So, the game begins—tell the messenger I have indorsed the bill away; but I'll do what I can with the Indorsee. Prepare *special originals* against Meanwell and myself at the suit of Goose.

Exit Fer.

Enter GOOSE.

Goose. Servant Sir.—Trusty tells me he has paid you the debt and costs; he *ragged* me confoundedly, and, to be sure, I deserved it.

Wolf. Ah! never mind *ragging*, Bobby: I thought he'd have struck me: Dam'me, I wish he had! I'd have *crown-officed* him.—Bob, my boy of *buckram*,

G

you

—you must swear to this Indorsement (*shews him Meanwell's Acceptance*) do you know the Acceptor?

Goose. To be sure, I do, a respectable man: give him a day or two.

Wolf. No, no, Bob, he'll pay then, and I shall get only the *bare* discount. You must swear a little.—Go with Ferret; when you return I'll treat you with a chop and a tiff of punch.—

Goose. I'll thank you, Sir, for Trusty's debt.

Goose. (aside) I must swear, or I shan't get it—Faith, Mr. Wolf, I never have the pillory out of my mind, awake or asleep. Who's to be the Attorney this bout! Our old friend, *Jemmy Shuffle-Crop*, I suppose?

Wolf. Never mind that, Bobby! Go and swear, I say.—

Exit Goose.

I expect I shall lose the services of poor Jemmy Shuffle-Crop, he's such a *Democratical* son of a finner—Dam'me he'll be a rare bone of contention for the crown Lawyers. We shall have column after column of Mr. Attorney and Solicitor General's learned and eloquent statements, and of Mr. Erskine's and Mr. Gibb's most able and ingenious replies.—What a fool he is to trouble his head about Politics!—can't he rob the world as I do, and mind what *Old Black Brows* said to the PARSON, “Eat his Fish and be quiet and be damn'd to him?”

Enter

Enter a CLIENT.

Client. The last Instalment's due to day ; I hope you'll consider the money I have paid you, my large family, and remit this payment, and give me up the *Warrant of Attorney*?

Wolf. No, Downcast : These are not times to give any thing away, tip us the *ready*.

Client. I hope you'll have a little consideration—

Wolf. 'Tis the consideration I want.

Client. There Sir, God be praised —

Wolf. There's your warrant, better luck to you !

Wolf. Poor devil ! he was a bankrupt about four years ago, and was fool enough not to secrete effects sufficient to pay for his *certificate*—gave up his all. I don't trouble my head about the *spirit* of the law : I practise the *letter* of it—yet I don't think there's much *reason* in making a man give up *all he has in the world*, and then tell him to find *fifteen pounds* for a certificate that he has done so : —Dam'me, there's something like a bull in it. I may thank BATS, *Gent. One, &c.* for information respecting this certificate-getting plan. —
 “Come, my dear fellow !” (says he to the bankrupt,) “what, you've no friend to get your certificate?—I feel for you.—What a hard-hearted solicitor there has been to your commission !—
 “Give me your note at three months—I'll do the “job for you.” — The note, generally is not paid ; an action is brought—the 15l. accumu-

lates to 20l. A warrant of attorney is taken to pay by instalments; the first instalment not being paid, a judgment is entered, and an execution issues for the whole:—Here, compassion steps forward; the first instalment, with *full costs*, is taken—and so on, from time to time, till the poor devil is able to get out of his clutches; or he rots in a jail, and his wife and children become burthen some to their parish. Many and many a cool hundred has BATS made in this way; and so have I too. It cost DOWNCAST at least 150l. for his. Now, if the law gave the bankrupt his certificate without fees, it would rob us of pretty pickings, and besides give the unfortunate man a better opportunity to rise again in the world: No, no: when a man is in debt, let it be the especial care of the lawyers to keep him so. Obedience is the essence of the law—Humility and obedience are the same thing. Now to produce Humility, there must be poverty:—Dam'me, if I had my will none but the lawyers should be rich—

(takes up a letter)

Oh! here's *Juniper's* letter. Aye, he has *gin spun* it to some purpose! *(looks into his books)*

—A ballance of 248l. 13s. 4d. in my hands:—That will cover 70 or 80 actions. But will this letter warrant my bringing them? let us see—

(reads)

“ Dear

" Dear Sir,

" Enclosed you receive a list
 " of near eighty of my debtors—the greatest part
 " of them are good ; some, a little doubtful ! and
 " I believe a very few, rather desperate. However,
 " you will be pleased to recover them in the best
 " way you can, and place the same to my credit."
 Dam'me, tis a clear case — *Warrant to sue, and*
instructions against all the parties to all intents and
 purposes : (*calls Ferret*)

(*Enter Ferret*)

Here, Ferret, grind your penknife as keen as the
Frenchmens hangers — Enter all these names as
 peremptorily wrote to yesterday, for respective
 debts, in the old way. No letters to be written.
 Prepare all the writs, and let the Defendants be
bummed or *served*, as the case may be.

Fer. (aside.) The devil burn me, This is a goe! —
 the commissioners of stamps ought to settle a pen-
 sion upon us for our lives, and all the law officers
 present us with gold medals. *Exit.*

Enter Sly.

Sly. So, dash it ! Master Meanwell has not
 taken up his note. I thought so : — he's now en-
 tered into your cause-paper to some purpose : —
God send him a good deliverance ! He'll be one of
 us — I suppose you'll send him to *Quod ?*

Wolf. Yes : he's deliver'd over to SNAP already.
 Well, Hodd, how goes the world with you ?

Sly

Sly. Dash it, I don't know. I begin to be damn'd *seedy* — I must get some good-natur'd fellow *to drag me through the sheets*. But you shan't have any thing to do with the commission, nor the certificate neither, more than to *prove* and *sign*; which you must do to the tune of 300l. at least—(*WOLF starts.*)

Nay, Master, don't be alarm'd:—You'll get a small dividend by it. Besides, my just Creditors won't sign; and we must out-value and out number them, you know.

Wolf. Well, *Sly*, to serve you.—(*aside*) *I must do this; the fellow has me so fast.* — Come, we'll get a plate of *slap-bang*, and a pot and a pipe at the *Colt's Foot*. I must do up *Old Crazy*, the landlord, and his neighbour. I've been giving them *papp* for some time.

Exeunt SLY and WOLF.

Enter FILCHEY, looking cautiously about him.

Fil. So, so! The *harpies* are off—I must give a look now and then into this *den of destruction*.—— Aye, here's a decent pen knife, some paper, a stamp or two, three-pence in halfpence, — the change for a pint of purl with a pennyworth of gin in it, I suppose—(*puts them into his pocket, and sees the key of the iron chest in the lock*)

“Tantarara, Rogues all!”

(*sings and dances*)

——Dam'me, here's luck!—'tis as good as falling
in

in with the Spanish Fleet! — Sir JOHN JARVIS, with all his *laurels*, is not a happier man than I am at this moment. Aha! aha! now for the small cash! — dam'me, I'll have half; no I won't: he plundered by wholesale, and so will I: — I'll have all—— (*puts a bag of cash in his pocket, and takes up a bundle of papers and reads*)

“DEEDS RELATING TO THE ESTATE OF RICHARD
“CREDULOUS, Esq;” — Ah! poor Credulous's papers! — he's a good fellow! he has tipped me many a *hog*; and I do like Miss Maria, too. — Dam'me, 'tis a bold push! — Shall I? — Yes, I will — I'll sack 'em: — Well, here goes. —

(*crams the deeds under his coat and waistcoat*)

I have done more in five minutes than a Court of Equity could have done in fifty years. I shall be a great man yet—— (*shuts the chest, and makes obeisance to the desk, papers, &c.*) Now, Ge'men, your most obedient and very humble servant.

Exit, (bowing.)

SCENE II.

Mr. CREDULOUS'S Apartments.

Cred. I will go no more to Wolf's: I cannot trust my passions in his presence. Still, he shall not longer oppress Maria. — Perhaps her fortune may be wrested from him: that, added to the little property he has left me, will support us above want. And, while we see so much misery in the
world

world, the moderate comforts of life, and the possession of the maid of our choice, is an enviable state. As to the seat of war—perhaps I may be as useful to my country, in the bosom of it, as abroad. At all events, Maria must not be left in the power of this wretch. — 'Tis near the time I appointed Mr. Justin to be here.

Enter Mr. JUSTIN.

Be seated, Sir.—I have taken the liberty of sending for you to meet Miss Hardcastle: She will make you acquainted with the peculiar hardship of her case.

Mr. Just. I knew her father; he was a man of respectability, and left, I believe, about five thousand pounds to his widow.

Cred. I believe he did, Sir. Here is Miss Hardcastle.

Enter MARIA.

Mr. Just. Miss Hardcastle, I hope, I see you well?

Maria. I am obliged to you, Sir—in health, well: But, as Mr. Credulous has, I presume, informed you, in spirits much depressed, and in my situation extremely unhappy.

Cred. (*hands Maria a chair.*) Mr. Justin has been so kind to give you the meeting; I leave you to inform him.

Mr. Just. I will pay great attention to your relation, Miss Hardcastle.

Maria

Maria (weeps). Excuse me, Sir!—(*recovering herself*) My father, Sir, died in the minority of my sister and myself, and left my mother about five thousand pounds in money, and some other property at her own disposal. She, Sir, was too good and generous a Parent to take advantage of her power; and we all lived together in great harmony. Mr. Wolf met my sister at an assembly, made his addresses to her, and in a short time afterwards, married her. His expectations from my mother, kept him within the bounds of decorum while she lived; and the good opinion my dear mother had of him, induced her to leave him sole executor, and my guardian; and directed her property to be divided between my sister and myself. I was then under age. Soon after my honoured mother's death, alas! both my sister and myself found an alteration in his conduct towards us; he became cruel and morose to her, and vindictive and insulting to me. When I became of age, I demanded my fortune, the half of five thousand pounds; and a considerable sum, part of the produce of my mother's own property. This demand irritated him beyond measure; he insisted with the greatest violence, that "I was totally dependent upon his bounty—I might stay with my Sister, if I chose; if not, I might go to service, or provide for myself in the best way I could." Destitute of money, and friends, Sir, I had no resource or refuge; and for a long time I have been

H constrained

constrained to endure his injustice and tyranny, with only this poor consolation, that I am the companion of my Sister's misery—(*weeps*).

Mr. Just. Be comforted, Miss Hardcastle; I truly commiserate your situation, and you may depend upon my utmost efforts to redress your wrongs and to get your fortune out of this vile man's hands. But we must proceed with circumspection; he's so callous in iniquity he will leave no art untried to baffle our claim.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Wolf's young man desires to see you, Sir!

Maria. How very unlucky! I hope it is not Ferret; he will certainly tell Mr. Wolf of my being here; my Sister and myself will have a sad life of it for a week.

Cred. (to Servant) Ask which of Wolf's young men it is, William?

Exit Servant.

Do not be alarmed. Heaven will shortly relieve you from these fears.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, 'tis Filchey.

Maria. Filchey! he ran away from Mr. Wolf some little time ago.—I tremble for the consequences of its being known that I am here with Mr. Justin and you. Mr. Wolf will certainly beat my poor Sister to death, and turn me out of doors.

Cred.

Cred. Be, satisfied, my dear Maria. Filchey I believe is not a rogue in principle ;—Wolf has used him very ill : I give him a little money now and then. I dare say he has something of that sort to ask. Send him up, Will.

Exit Servant.

Maria. Still I am fearful.

Enter FILCHEY.

Fil. Your Servant, Sir.—Your Servant, Miss (to *Credulous aside.*) I should be glad to have a word or two with you Sir, but I'll call again.

Cred. What, a little cash, Fil ? there is a Dollar for you. I'm engaged now.

Fil. I am obliged to you, Sir—I didn't call for this ; I wish to speak to you particularly.—I'll call again to-morrow.

Cred. You may say any thing, Filchey, before Mr. Justin and Miss Hardcastle.

Fil. I don't mind you, or Miss Maria ; but I've been long enough in Wolf's Office to know that "*Mum should be the Order of the day,*" before a Gentleman of the Law.

Cred. True, Fil : but you know Mr. Justin is my Friend.

Just. Mr. Filchey, you may depend upon my word, that I will take no improper advantage of any thing you may have to communicate to Mr. Credulous ; but if you have an objection to do so in my presence, I will withdraw.

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Fil.

Fil. (aside) A Lawyer, and take no advantage! that's queer!

Maria. Filchey, I'm sure you have a regard for me: and I think I discover that you have something of moment to say. Do pray acquaint these Gentlemen with it—.

Fil. (examining the Dollar) I never saw the stamp upon a Dollar before.—Why, it is our GEORGY's head clapped right under the jaw-bone of *His most Catholic Majesty!* it should have been his *fist*.—I suppose the *DON* has swelled *Gills*, and this is meant as a burning *caustic* plaister; it has eaten a good way into his jowl already.

Maria. (interrupting him) Well, my good Fil, pray let us hear your business with Mr. Credulous?

Fil. Why then d'y'see Miss Maria, I certainly have a most respectful regard for you: and many and many a time when I've seen Mr. Wolf come home drunk, and drove you and Mrs. Wolf to bed superless, I have shed tears for you. Ah! have I said to myself, now had I some of those nice bits you so often gave me on a Sunday evening, Miss Maria—(aye, many a good Monday's meal they have made me!) I would have skulk'd up stairs and fed you both.

Maria. (interrupting him) I believe it, Fil. We will talk of those things another time.—You see you are detaining Mr. Justin.

Mr Just. No, by no means, Miss; let Mr. Filchey proceed in his own way.

Fil.

Fil. I'll be as brief, Sir, as a *Declaration in An Insurance Cause*. WOLF, as you know, half starved me; and used me very ill into the bargain: But, to give the Devil his due, he did not use me worse than any other of his household — You know that, Miss Maria, don't you?

Maria. Yes, yes, Fil, too ruefully! But proceed with your business with Mr. Credulous.

Fil. I will, Miss. — So, you know, I ran away, and must have starved without *the Equity of Redemption*, had it not been for this worthy gentleman, Mr. Credulous — to whom I shall always be most gratefully beholden.

Cred. Come then, friend Fil, since you do owe me so much obligation, discharge the whole of it, by coming to the point of your information.

Fil. So, Sir, as I said before, I ran away, and you saved me from starving. Now, Sir, I have had a strange itching to see what's going on in the old Hole—that, frequently, when they are all out, *In* I go; and, as if the place was infectious, I can't, for the soul of me, help *cribbing* something.—So, t'other day, after committing a few simple peculations, I discover'd the key of the iron chest in the lock.—Oh what an immensity of good could I have done had I emptied its contents!—How many a virtuous family could I have restored to peace, happiness and plenty—How many Widows and Orphans grievances could I have redressed—how may poor miserable languishing debtors, immured

mured within loathsome walls, could I have released!—By all the saints in the Catholic Calendar! I could have made a Jail-delivery, without the Act either of King, Lords, or Commons.

Maria. My good Fil, I conjure you to let us know what you did?

Fil. Yes, Miss, there were Notes, Bills, Bonds, Judgments, Mortgages, Bargains, and Sales;—Grants of Annuities, Assignments, Marriage Settlements;—Articles of Separation of married parties, Probates of Wills, and Securities of all sorts, natures, conditions and qualities.—

Cred. Well, Fil, What's all this to us?

Fil. Let me go on:—Lord, amidst such a mass of mischief, I was petrified, as it were—I did not know where to begin.—

Maria. Pray, Fil, make an end.—Where did you begin? What did you do with so much happiness at your disposal?

Fil. Do? Why, I'll tell you, if you'll give me time:—Casting my eye upon a bundle of deeds, marked “ESQUIRE CREDULOUS,”—the thought struck me:—Dam'me, says I, I have a great regard for Miss Maria; and Mr. Credulous has often filled my belly—I'll do *the Knowing One* to some purpose now. But my conscience flew in my face, and, as OLD BILLY says,

“Conscience makes cowards of us all!”—

And then the commandment, “*Thou shalt not steal*”—and, certainly, in law it means, No, not even

even for the best of purposes.—So, Miss, with the best wishes for you and Mr. Credulous, my duty told me to walk away from temptation.

Maria. Oh! Fil, Fil! Heaven would have sanctioned the deed—and blessed thee all the days of thy life as the instrument of its justice.

Fil. Aye, Miss, but old *Long tail* would have had me all the rest of my days, and nights too, for breaking the Eighth commandment; even the saving the most remote Limb of the law from the *Old Gentleman's* clutches, is a *rare* thing, and happens, (as Aloes blow) but once in a century. But as I was saying, I did walk away from the temptation, but returned to it again; it then became too powerful for my conscience; and, God forgive me, I sack'd all the deeds, and here they are Miss Maria, and Mr. Credulous, much at your service; and may they contribute to your mutual felicity:—Be a share of the sin at your door; for you are the receivers of stolen goods!

(*pulls the deeds from under his coat, waistcoat, &c.*)

Cred. (*embracing Maria.*) Beyond our most sanguine hopes!—Mr. Justin, excuse my transports!—Fil, my boy, you shall never want a dinner. And for your pious theft, as the *Pope* is now at *peace*, you shall have absolution, upon absolution.

Maria. How, Fil, shall I thank!—How make you amends!

Fil.

Fil. I desire no thanks.— If these papers will make you and Mr. Credulous happy, I have my reward.

Mr. Just. Mr. Filchy, although according to strict justice, the action was not justifiable in *You*, yet *We* may justly make use of the advantage it affords us. But, to render what you have done effectual, the utmost secrecy must be observed.

Fil. I must be secret, you know, Sir,—(*aside*) But you don't know all the *reasons*.—

Cred. Call upon me in the morning, Fil; and remember I was always your friend.

Exit Fil.

I will send the Deeds, Sir, for your inspection. We are infinitely beholden to you for your patience, and I hope they will be of service to us.

Mr. Just. I trust they will, Sir. It is a very unexpected event; and it will be necessary for Miss Hardcastle and yourself to be silent upon the occasion.—I heartily congratulate you.—Your humble servant.

Exit Mr. Just.

Cred. How wonderful are the ways of *Providence*! See, when Heaven is propitious, how soon the gloom of despondence can be dispelled, and the wretched raised from a state of abject dejection to the prospect of superlative enjoyment! I cannot but admire with thankfulness to the SUPREME BEING, that the gratitude of Fil, and the carelessness of Wolf, should thus give us this possession.—

Maria.

Maria. I am equally grateful to Providence, my dear Credulous! — Should you recover your estate, will you hereafter have more prudence?

Cred. Doubt it not, Maria! — Adversity and sad experience, are able tutors. — There is one certain pledge of my future conduct, your dear society: In it, I shall find a tower of strength, unassailable by all the powers of temptation.

Maria. Will it be thus years hence, Credulous? But, alas! my poor sister! — What will become of her?

Cred. Do not let us sully this moment of smiling fortune. — Your sister shall never want a protector while I have life. — Let us take a turn in the park, and meditate on this probable great reverse of fortune.

SCENE III.

An elegant Room in SNAP's Spunging-House.

Mr. MEANWELL, *solus.*

Mean. Alas! If Mrs Meanwell knew my restraint! — She must not know it. I must settle this demand: but how immediately to do it, I know not. — The temporary alteration in payments and currency has unavoidably made a partial stagnation in circulation: — but in a short time, I hope, affairs will get into the usual channel. If I ask my friends to be bail for me, it is being much more obliged to them than to ask them for an absolute loan. — The

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former

former request destroys your credit for ever with them ; the latter, if you do not deceive them, enhances and establishes it. — I will write to Mr. Wolf. I cannot blame him ; I ought to have been punctual. — No : he is not so much to blame as myself. — A commercial engagement should ever be most scrupulously adhered to. Still, considering Mr. SLV's Representation, and the large sum I gave for the advance, I think Mr. Wolf might have given me a day or two. — (*writes, and rings the bell.*)

Enter WAITER.

— Be so obliging to send this to Mr. Wolf's directly.

Exit Waiter.

I never yet before felt the deprivation of Liberty. — Surely, if its terrors are so great in this first instance of it, what would they be in a long continuance ?

Enter WAITER, abruptly, with a bottle of wine.

I did not call for wine. — When I want any thing I will ring the bell.

Waiter. Oh ! Sir, as you please. — I'll thank you to walk this way, Sir. Mr. Snap will be at home presently, and I shall be blamed for shewing you into the Gentleman's room. But I thought, from your appearance — Sir, you'll be pleased to follow me —

Mean. (aside) So then, I must be subject to the will of this fellow, or be removed from one room to another with as little ceremony as if I were

were a felon ! — Come, Waiter, let me have this wine. — I was not aware of the *Etiquette* of the house.

(The Waiter decanters the wine, and exit.)

—O Liberty ! Liberty !—It is not possible for any but those who have been deprived of it, to know its value. — If I cannot prevail upon Mr. Wolf to accept terms, I must send for Friends, disagreeable as it will be to me.—I cannot endure the thought of sleeping under this roof of calamity. — When the hour of prayer comes, and my lisping darlings with innocent simplicity invoke the Author of the Universe to “ *Bless Papa !* ” — Poor, dear Babes ! were they conscious of their Father’s state, no peaceful slumbers would nurture their rising frames. While my Love is anxiously awaiting my wonted return. — Did she know the duration of her *Meanwell* !—But I must not indulge these thoughts.—

Enter FERRET.

Fer. Your obedient, Sir. I have opened your note to Mr. Wolf. I am his confidential clerk, Sir ! Any thing you may have to say to him, you may communicate to me. He would have taken up this bill, but he had not the cash. The *Indorsee*, Goose, has given us no quarter ; he has brought an action against Mr. Wolf, too. — Have you sent for the Plaintiff’s Attorney ? — Can you settle the Debt and Costs ; or must you bail it ?

I 2

Mean.

Mean. I wish to avoid exposition; — the very whisper of failure strikes at the root of a man's credit.

Fer. I understand you, Sir. You wish to keep the matter close.— (*rings the bell*)

Enter WAITER.

Send your Master in. (*Exit Waiter.*)

—We can get two respectable Bail for you, at a moderate premium, if it is not settled.

Enter SNAP.

—Mr. Snap, don't mention this affair; the gentleman wishes it may not be known.

Snap. No, no, Sir: Secrecy is a very prominent virtue of mine. Mr. Ferret can tell you, Sir, you could not have fell into better hands.— You'll excuse me, Sir, my hearty service to you: (*drinks a glass of wine*) — This is the best of wine: Call for as much of it as you please: — Make as free in my house, as if you were in your own— There's no kind of accommodation wanted here. Sir, your servant. *Exit SNAP.*

Mean. I don't see, Mr. Ferret, what we can do without Mr. Wolf.—I am really much affected at this event.

Fer. Don't be flat, Sir:—We should'n't starve the cause—As you say, Sir, nothing can be done without Mr. Wolf: he'll not be in Town 'till the Evening.—You'll dine, I suppose, Sir.

Mean.

Mean. 'Tis expected I should. I imagine the more you spend in these kind of houses, the better you are treated. I presume you are not engaged, Mr. Ferret?—Will you take a bit with me?

(rings the bell.

Fer. Sir, I thank you. If agreeable to you, I'll keep you company 'till Mr. Wolf comes. 'Twill be all right then, I dare say.

Enter WAITER.

Mean. What have you to dress, Waiter?

Wait. We have an excellent Ordinary.

Mean. I would rather dine with Mr. Ferret only.

Wait. I'll lay the cloth in this room, Sir.—We have a very fine bit of Fish, with a Duck and Peas to follow, Sir

Mean. It will do very well.

Exit Waiter.

I suppose Mr. Ferret you're accustomed to these scenes:—they make but little impression upon your feelings.

Fer. O yes, Sir, we're so used to distress it has no claim upon our pity. We Gentlemen of the profession, like the professors of Surgery, must not have very tender feelings. They indeed may have a little humanity, but not so with us. The cries of Women and Children to be sure will sometimes intrude themselves—but we take all these things as matters of course.

The Cloth is laid and Dinner served.

Mean.

Mean. Help yourself, Mr. Ferret. I have no appetite—very little inclination to eat.

Fer. (aside) So much the better for me! (*carves the Duck*) Dam'me I always think of a Pettyfogger when I eat of a *Hog* or a *Duck*; for they as well as the Pettyfogging Lawyers, have the foulest practices in the World, and yet the generality of mankind are fond of them:—therefore the generality of men are rogues. Come, Sir, pray help yourself. I'm a tolerable *Carver*, you see, Sir. Mr. Wolf taught me to *cut up*. Raise your spirits, Sir, Oh now I think of it—they've the most excellent Madeira—WAITER!—A glass of Madeira for Mr. Meanwell, and another for your humble Servant! (*Waiter serves the Wine*) Sir, your very good health and luck!—

Mean. Sir, yours.

Enter Mr. WOLF.

Mr. Wolf, I am very glad to see you:—pray take a chair. You are just in time.—I hope you have not dined—

Wolf. (takes his seat at Table) No, Sir, I have returned sooner than I expected.—*S'blood*, Sir, you've suffered an action to be brought against me!—Some men now would be in their airs!—but I make allowances.—After dinner, we'll see if we can settle this matter. Waiter, is there another *Duck* ready?

Wait. Yes, Sir, you'll have another up directly.

Wolf.

Wolf. Very well. Give me some Wine. Mr. Meanwell, "Better times to us!" (*drinks*)

Mean. I thank you, Sir, I am very sorry you should be put to this inconvenience; I hope it will be satisfactorily adjusted.

Wolf. Aye, I dare say we shall settle it. *Waiter,* send a Messenger to Mr. Goose, to tell him "we shall be glad to see him here to drink a glass of Wine."—Goose is a passionate fellow, but good-natured at the bottom.—Take a half pint bumper of Maderia, Ferret; Go to Mr. Catch'em's Lock-up House, let Mr. Needy know I shall sup with him to night.

Exit Ferret.

I would have done any thing Mr. Meanwell to have served you (on our Friend Mr. Sly's Account) but *to say the Truth*, Sir, I've been so copiously bled lately.—Your health, Sir, (*drinks*) Oh! here's Goose, in his own proper person.—

Enter GOOSE

I take it unkind, Mr. Goose, that you should sue this Gentleman after I wrote you to stay a day or two.—As to your proceeding against me that was a *scaly trick*?

Goose. What right have you to find fault with me?—You had my hard cash, and surely I've a right to do what I please with the security. This Gentleman's a stranger to me.—I suppose he'll pay

pay the debt and costs, and then there's an end of it. Mr. Crop has sent me an account.

Mean. Really, Gentleman, I cannot pay you *in money* now, but I will give you an *undeniable acceptance* due in three days. The recent stoppage of discount has occasioned my thus disappointing you, and my being in this very disagreeable situation.

Goose. Sir, it is mere paper.—At a word, Mr. Meanwell, if you chuse to lodge that Acceptance in my hands as a collateral security, and give me a warrant of Attorney, I will accept of them: if not, you must get bail.—

Mean. Sir, I have many objections to give such kind of securities.

Goose. I can't help your objections, Sir! I want *my money*.—Give me that, and I shall be perfectly satisfied.

Mean. I am sorry, Sir, you have not had your money; and I repeat to you, that you certainly would have had it, had not the *unexpected stop of Discount* happened; which I fear has occasioned many dilemmas in the commercial world. The Security you demand, is at the same time expensive, and I must think rather unreasonable.

Goose. Expensive, or unreasonable—Mr. Crop advised me to take that kind of Security, and no other.—And although a RIGHT HONOURABLE PENSIONER, did think proper to withhold a meeting of his *Constituents* (as the unanimous Court determined *unadvisedly*) I am resolved not to act
unadvisedly

unadvisedly in this instance. *Jemmy Shuffle-crop* may be what *Deputy Whip'em*, and the *Sleeky Deputy*, call, "A DEMOCRATICAL DOG,"—but he's a good *Lawyer*.—Why not?—Is'n't our brave and gallant *Sir John Fervis* in the *Political Minority*?—Yet he fought like an Englishman, and conquered the *Enemies of his Country*; and that too, while he was in the smallest *nautical* minority that ever atchieved so decided a victory over an imperious and despotic foe.—So, Sir, unless you think proper to comply with my requests, I have no further business here; and am your humble servant.—(*going*)

Mean. Stop, Sir.—Still unreasonable as your requests are, I must submit to them. Let me know the amount of the Costs?

Goose. I have 'em in my pocket, Sir.—Mr. Wolf, you can fill up the Warrant of Attorney, and pay Mr. Crop when you see him. I don't wish to keep the Gentleman a moment longer than is necessary.—Let me see!—Here's Crop's Costs—(*reads*)

—"IN THE KING'S BENCH,"—

That's wrong, Mr. Wolf!—It should be—

—"IN MR. SNAP'S SPUNGING-HOUSE,"—

should it not, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. No, no: 'Tis right enough.—Dam'me, if you begin to pick holes in *Legal Forms*, there

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will

will be no end to it. — What is the Amount of the Costs, in the separate Actions, “GOOSE *against* MEANWELL,” and GOOSE *against* WOLF?” — It don’t signify reading the Articles. — When you’ve done, neither you nor Mr. Meanwell will understand them.——

Let us see, then,	£	s	d.
“GOOSE v. MEANWELL, - - -	6	10	3
Same v. WOLF, (like Costs)	6	10	3
	£13	0	6

What is the Warrant of Attorney, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. The usual charge, - - - 3 3 0

Goose. Well: That is, in all, - - £16 3 6
due to Mr. Crop. — *That* you’ll pay of course, Mr. Meanwell. — The Lawyers must be paid their Costs, if the Client never receives his debt.——

(WOLF writes the Warrant of Attorney.)

Mean. Indeed, Gentlemen, it is a great deal of money, to be incurred in so short a space of time! Law-Charges are high.——

Wolf. ’Tis all right, Mr. Meanwell. — Sign this Paper, and give Mr Goose the Acceptance.

(While MEANWELL signs the Warrant, and gives the Acceptance, WOLF rings.)

Enter WAITER.

Wolf. Send your Master in.——

Exit Waiter.

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Let's see : — Now we have nothing to do but to settle the House-Bill, Mr Meanwell. — That, Sir, generally lies upon the Defendant; for it was certainly your fault we met here.—

Enter SNAP.

—Mr. Snap, this matter's settled. Bring in your Bill.

Exit SNAP.

— That Snap, Mr. Meanwell, for an Officer, is a good kind of Man; and his Accommodations are excellent. — I dare say he did not treat you uncivilly when he *spoke* to you?

Mean. No, Sir, he conducted himself with great civility; and his Wines, I must acknowledge, are good.

Enter SNAP.

Snap. There, Sir: (*gives the Bill*) And I defy any Tavern in London to have served you better.

Mean. (*reads*)

	£	s.	d.
" Fish and Sauce, - - -	0	9	0
Ducks and Gravy, - - -	0	10	0
Peas, - - - - -	0	3	0
Pastry, - - - - -	0	5	0
Bread, Butter, Cheese, and			
Beer - - - - -	0	3	0
Olives, and Biscuit Devils,	0	0	0
Brandy, - - - - -	0	3	0
Madeira, - - - - -	0	10	0
Port, - - - - -	0	17	6
Messengers, - - - - -	0	5	0
	£3	11	6

Snap. You'll be pleased, Sir, to add one Guinea *civility money*. Mr. Wolf, Sir, knows it's a regular charge; and half a crown for *searching the Office*.

Mean. "Civility money?" Sir, I have hardly been four hours in your house, and your bill amounts to near three guineas and an half!—"Searching the Office?" Why, Sir, when I have settled the debt for which you arrested me, under what pretence do you detain me longer!

Snap. You must ask Mr. Wolf that, Sir.—'Tis our way.—I believe 'tis Law:—however, we do it by order of the Sheriff—As to Civility money, Sir, that's never disputed.—Look, Sir, at the Apartment—why, Sir, the very carpet, and the frames of the pictures which are hung round the room to divert the Gentlemen's melancholy who *involuntarily* resort to it, cost me more than all your debt and costs put together!—but if you think yourself hurt—Dam'me, on Mr. Wolf's score, I'll take nothing: And, confound me, if I don't treat you with a bottle and a *bird* for supper, without a farthing.

Exit Snap.

Wolf. 'Tis "according to thy custom," and must be complied with. I was obliged to give bail to my action, the costs of which are somewhere about *two Guineas*:—And you cannot think of giving me less than *one* for my attendance here, at your request;

quest; as you must know the business could not have been settled *without me*.—Besides, Sir, my *reputation* has been hurt through your means. (*writes*)

	£.	s.	d.
House Bill, - - -	3	11	6
Civility and Searching,	1	3	6
Crops Costs, - - -	16	3	6
My Charges, - - -	3	3	0
Together	£26	1	6

Aye, twenty-six pounds one shilling and sixpence down—that's of course; pay me, I'll divide it: and then, Sir, Mr. Goose will give your discharge to Snap.

Mean. (*pays the money*) (*aside*) So then, it has cost me near 40l. for this friendly accommodation, through the medium of Mr. Sly, never again will I think that women have not superior penetration.—Gentlemen, I am anxious to be at home; you'll excuse me: your most obedient.

Exit Meanwell.

Goose. Poor Meanwell! he's properly physicked, I think.—Mr. Wolf, I must thank you for a *piece* or two?

Wolf. Dam'n it, Goose,—If it hadn't been for this collateral security, I might have *stood* something handsome; but here it will end.—You've had a good dinner.—There's "A DOCTOR'S LOSS" for you. (*gives a one pound note.*)

Goose.

Goose. Mr. Wolf, this is but sorry work, I must leave it off,

Wolf. Sit down, Bobby! sit down, my little flay-tape and bobbin! I'll make a man of you—Dam'me,—we'll have Snapp's bottle.—I say, Bobby, how can I cut Sly? I must get rid of that fellow.

Goose. Rot it;—I forgot to tell you, Sly's turned thief at last *a common thief*! I could not have thought it.—Why, Sir, he jumped into a Carrier's Cart in Smithfield, and stole a hair Trunk, containing a great quantity of wearing apparel. The fool took the Trunk home, and put the effects into his drawers;—but where do you think he hid the Trunk? Why under the coals in the coal-cellar! The servant-maid found it, and seeing the owner's name in the lid, informed against him. He has been tried and convicted, and will be sent to the *bulks* in a day or two.

Wolf. I always thought that fellow would come to an untimely end. He's now gone to college, to get his degree for a higher exaltation.

Enter SNAP.

Snap! My boy of attraction, take a glass! Do they "keep moving this Term?"

Snap. Little or nothing; or may I never have a *shy cock*.—If it was not for a few such Gentlemen as you, we must lock up our houses. — Indeed

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I believe the people are all grown wiser, or the Lawyers more honest:—there's nothing stirring.

Wolf. Here's my old toast, Snap, "LET THE LAW RUN!" (*all drink.*) There are, Snap, a set of squeamish, chicken-hearted dunghill dogs in the profession, pretending to be *virtuously* brought up, (as they call it,)—to have received a *liberal* Education; and priding themselves, truly, upon having served their clerkships to Gentlemen of character! Dam'me, they know nothing of the practice, and are above doing a *sharp thing*.—Come, Gents, we'll have a nipp at the Burton, and your bottle, Snap.

Snap. I'll just look into a room or two, and follow you, Gentlemen.

Exit Wolf and Goose.

Mr. Wolf's a natty, clever fellow. Our calling would not be worth a *copper*, but for such gentry as him.—'Tis true they never allow us to take *caption fee*:—but then they always attend the prisoner, and make him bleed freely, and let us milk him.—Now your fair practitioners, as you call 'em, pay your fees, but take no more notice of us than they would of a strange dog!—Attornies of Wolf's stamp herd with us;—all "Hail, well fellow, well met!"—"Success to Pettyfoggers!" I say; and "Confusion to all men of humanity!" (*drinks*) What has *Lord Moira* to do with Debtors and Creditors? Damn the fellow! he once frightened a *noble Duke* out of his wits, and now he wants to rob
another

another *noble Duke* of a GREAT Revenue, and ruin our honourable function.—“Success to Pettyfogging!” I say.

SCENE IV.

Mr. WOLF's Office. FERRET and BIBO writing.

Bibo. I say, Ferret, only think of Sly!—I always hated that fellow, for three reasons: *Imprimis*, he is a damn'd sober fellow; and there never was downright Honesty in Sobriety. *Item*, I never heard him speak well of any one, nor ever saw him look with confidence in a man's face, in my life—And, *Thirdly* and *Lastly*, he has the very *phiz* of a Sheep-stealer; and so demure and collected, 'tis impossible to put him in a passion.—Ah! Ferret, *Boozing* and *Passion* are the sure marks of an open and generous mind.

Fer. To be sure, Bi!—I suspected our Friend Hoddy would have been hung for *forgery*, or transported for *swindling*; but I did not think he would have condescended to *Cart-lifting*! I don't know what we shall do without him, unless we can get the *mercurial-headed*, broken down *Doctor*, of Paradise-Alley, to fill his place. Yet, damn him, he is so stupid!—However, he has legs and arms enough to be industrious, if he'll follow our instructions, and quit the association of that pretty *black-legged Cock*, of Pillow-Court.

Bibo.

Bibo. I have some hopes of that unwieldly fellow, because he's a *fat*. I never look at him, but I think of one of the Ruffians who smothered the Princes in the Tower. — Wl.y, he's more fit for a Drayman, than a Doctor; — and (the Lord have mercy upon e'm!) as for an *Accoucheur*. — Now that poor Apothecary, which I saw t'other night in *Romeo and Juliet*, tho'

“ Tatter'd and torn,

“ And all forlorn” —

had the appearance of a decayed Gentleman, which never can be the case with this great tall flick of *sulphur vivum*. — Egad! here comes Oakley, I'll not stand it. I'm off. —

Exit Bibo.

Enter OAKLEY.

Oak. O thou son of *copper* and *brass*! are not Wolf and you a brace of rogues? I met Pusher's Attorney this morning; he wonders I suffer an action in which I have not a shadow of success to go on. Where is this *composition* of all God's plagues upon PHARAOH? Where is this *ultimatum* of mischievousness?

Fer. He's not come to Town, Sir:—he's mad, I believe.

Oak. Yes, faith, he has had a bite of insanity he will never get rid of.—His mouth is always foaming with a Saliva of dishonesty.—As sure as God made apples, I'll move the Court against him, and then you know——Ferret, you are a terrible Turk, to

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screen

screen him in that nefarious business of Dick Credulous's. Now, if you can be honest, I will lend you money to pay off Wolf, and give you the run of the spit 'till you can get employ. Credulous is going to the West Indies:—should he die of the Jaundice, or be killed by the Enemy, you'll both be his Murderers.

Fer. What can I do without money, or friends, Sir? If you'll perform your promise, the first time I've the key of the strong box I will get possession of the deeds; for all I can do without them will have but little avail—

Oak. By Jupiter! the key is in the Chest now.—Now Ferret, now's the time to do a good Act.

Fer. (*looking over the Deeds in the Chest*).—Dam'me, they're gone!—Surely Wolf has not become jealous of me at last?—he certainly has.—This is an insult I did not expect at his hands.—What, doubt my honor?—Never mind this disappointment—I shall pitch upon 'em some time or other—Tell Mr. Credulous, Sir, that I am his to all intents and purposes from this day from hence forth, and for evermore.

Oak. Well said, my lad!

Enter WOLF.

Exit Ferret.

What Lawyer! have I met with you at last!—Why my Prince of Parchments, and Knight of the most noble order of Bees-Wax, when will you give

give over these Pettyfogging Tricks! Not 'till the Law lays his Iron hand upon you, I suppose?

Wolf. Curse that fellow, Ferret! Mr. Oakley, he'll be the ruin of me.—This is his damn'd neglect. (*calls Fer.*)

Enter FERRET.

Pusber and *Oakley*—Why did'n't you settle that matter? I'll be damn'd, Ferret, if you go on thus, I shall totally lose my *character*, and not a Client left to my back.

Oak. Never mind my *special Original*, whose fault it has been. Give me a draft, and I'll discharge it myself.

Exit Fer.

Wolf. (*writes a draft.*) There, Mr. Oakley, you see what it is to have Servants who hav'n't their Master's interest at heart. Will you go to the *Rummers*, and take a drop of punch?

Oak. I'll do any thing with you, Wolf, but employ you.

Wolf. *Stuff!*—I see you're a little out of order.—You must be convinced it was all Ferret's fault (*sees the key of the chest, locks it, and puts the key in his pocket.*) (*aside*) Thou safe repository of my hidden villanies, when I have thy master-key.—My soul is in my pocket.—Come, Mr. Oakley.

Exeunt.

Enter FERRET and BIBO.

Fer. (*aside*) I must sift Bibo.—Bi, did you see the key in the chest this morning?

L. 2

Bibo.

Bibo. Not I, I'm always so blind drunk over-night, I can't see any thing 'till the afternoon of the next day.

Fer. (aside) That's true enough.—Wolf certainly suspects me.—Step into the Blue Bristles, and order a couple of pound of chops.—We must tick there to-day.

Bibo. Aye, my boy of brags! and we'll have three or four pots of *British Burgundy*, and a *Whiff* or two—The Old-One won't be here any more to-day; he'll fret himself to death if he don't *get in for it* to-night, on account of Pusher's matter.

Exit Bibo.

Fer. Wolf has certainly taken the Deeds into the Country with him;—if I can't find them at Deedpoll-Hall, I'm 'at a fault. 'Tis a hard case when a man means to be honest once in his life, that his intention should be frustrated.

Exit Ferret.

SCENE V.

Mr. CREDULOUS'S Apartments.

Cred. By Mr. Justin's opinion of the recovery of your property, and this lucky turn in mine, I will now, Maria, give up all thoughts of going abroad.—How can we prevail upon Ferret to assist us? he is a sad knave.—

Maria. He is a sad knave indeed, but his knavery may not be innate; he may have learned the Trade

Trade, and still dislike it.—Your friend Oakley is as likely to prevail upon him as any one I know.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Oakley, Sir.

Cred. Send him up, Will.

Exit Servant.

He is come very apropos.—

Enter OAKLEY.

Mr. Oakley, your most obedient.

Oak. What ! moaning and moping because you can't propagate the human species in luxury !—Eh ! so, because you cannot deck out the Bantlings in point lace, and afford a wet Nurse and a dry Nurse, you won't condescend to swaddle them plainly, and let them feed where nature intended they should, at the Mother's breast.—Go and be married, you poor hen-hearted devils !—Credulous is as able to work, as I am ; let him sag as I do : and you, Miss Prue, with all your solemnity, will be able to rear as many twins as God may be pleased to send you.

Maria. A truce, Mr. Oakley ;—indeed we are not in such haste to take upon us the characters which too many imprudently engage in, and so few perform well.—The duties of a Husband, a Wife, and a Parent, are serious concerns.

Oak. Serious concerns, or not, they are concerns which all the young Men are driving at, and the Maidens are running mad after.

Cred.

Cred. Give us quarter, Mr. Oakley. — Very unexpectedly, and by means I will acquaint you with at leisure, I have got possession of the Title-deeds of the old Family Mansion and Estate:— but we want the aid of Ferret:— We were the moment before you came in, consulting on the best mode of prevailing on him to be honest.— Maria was observing that you are the most likely person to do us that service?

Oak. Well: upon two conditions, I will do all in my power. — *First*, that you immediately enter into the mystical state of Matrimony:— And, *Secondly*, that if Credulous fails in the one thing necessary, he will give me a power of Attorney to act for him.

Mar. Do, my dear Mr. Oakley, be a little serious:— You do not know the situation of our minds.

Oak. O yes, I do.—You are both wishing me—I'll not mention where, for doubting the capability of Credulous; and are pleasing yourselves with the ideas, that nine months hence, you will have the laugh against Jack Oakley, by producing a brace of Brats, as big as two six weeks old Roasters!—

Cred. Upon my soul, Mr. Oakley, there never was a period in our lives so full of anxiety and expectation.

Oak.

Oak. I know it.—You never were so near being married in your lives. You, Credulous, are reprieved from a *Death-Warrant*; and you, Miss Maria, from attending the apes.—Have a little patience, my Babes in the Wood!—Your anxiety, which is now only imaginary, will soon become real; and when your expectation is accomplished, you will wonder it had been so excessive. Lord bless you,—I have about a dozen little Heirs of Care;—A new Child is nothing *new* to me.—I look for it as regularly as I do for a New-Year's Day.

Mar. My dear Mr. Oakley—

Cred. Damn it, Mr. Oakley!—

Oak. Well said, my *ci-devant* cooing Doves! I am glad to see your reason is returned.—Now you speak in something like matrimonial language.

Cred. I wish we could prevail upon you to advise us how to act. I expect Mr. Justin here immediately.

Oak. And I expect Ferret here every minute.

Mar. God forbid!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Justin.

Cred. Desire him to walk up.—Now you see, Mr. Oakley, with your joking, we have lost the time of concerting measures.

Oak.

Oak. Never heed it, Credulous. You'll have time enough to concert measures by and by.

Enter JUSTIN.

Just. Mr. Oakley, your most obedient :—I hope you are well. Miss Hardcastle, and Mr. Credulous, yours.

Oak. I heartily thank you, Mr. Justin. I am glad to see my young friends in your hands.—Credulous has got the necessary Deeds, I understand?

Just. Yes, Sir, but we must have the evidence of Ferret.

Oak. You may take him into custody, if you please, He will be here presently.

Just. No, Sir, Matters are not in a train to render that step necessary, yet ;—I would much rather have his voluntary service. As to Mr. Wolf,—the method to be pursued with him requires much consideration.

Oak. Talk of old *Brimstone-Beard*, and behold one of his Stokers!

Enter FERRET.

Fer. (*aside to Oakley.*) I didn't bargain to have Justin here.—Damn it, let me *queer* the Deeds first.—I could not find them at Deed-Poll Hall.

Oak. Mr. Justin, Mr. Ferret has intimated a wish to render this expecting pair of Turtles all the service in his power.

Just.

Just. 'Tis well for you, Mr. Ferret——

Fer. (*stopping* Mr. *Just.*) Well for *me*, Sir?—
Look'ye, Mr. *Justin*—"Utter those threats again
—"these Lips are closed for ever!"—If I choose,
Sir, to be a Rogue, I am Lawyer enough to cover
my roguery.—If I choose to be honest, I want no
Dictator; my Conscience is a sufficient Monitor.
—But nought upon compulsion, Mr. *Justin*.

Just. I do not wish to interfere with your notions, Mr. Ferret.—If you come here to serve Miss Hardcastle, and Mr. Credulous, they will thank you, and so shall I, for every information in your power.

Fer. I don't at all doubt you.—But what will you give me to be honest? You know there can be no deed without consideration?

Just. Relying upon the generosity of Mr. Credulous, I will give you my bond for 100l. if through any aid of yours the Estate shall be recovered.

Fer. Your offer is handsome, but you must know such a bond will be open to contention.—Unbiaffed, by sordid motives I will do them all the service in my power; and I trust that their mutual felicity will point out to them that I deserve some recompence.

Just. We will not hurt your feelings, Mr. Ferret by our acknowledgments.—We are much indebted to you.—If you will wait upon me to-morrow-morning, I shall be prepared to point out wherein you can serve us.

M

Fer.

Fer. Be assured I will do all in my power to serve you.

Exit Ferret.

Oak. (*to Mar. and Cred.*) I have a notion you want a *Proctor*, and a *Parson* now, to ease your anxiety.—Can't you make a settlement upon Maria, Sir, in expectation? for really I am afraid to trust their virtue to the test of the long delay of the Law.—In God's name, let's have 'em spliced, and we're sure of their honesty.—We are all frail, you know, Mr. Justin, where the temptation's great.—Miss Hardcastle, you'll come to my house to-morrow; I can answer for you under my roof, but not out of my sight, with Friend Credulous. Nature will sometimes prevail over discretion.

Just. Whenever Mr. Credulous and Miss Hardcastle shall be pleased to give me instructions, I can prepare such a settlement as you mention; and the necessary delay of getting their property need not prevent their happiness.

Oak. I'll give you Instructions. Draw an equitable settlement.—I'll be one Trustee; Tommy Friendly the other. Be sure you take care of the children to be lawfully begotten—there will be a rare mess of 'em!—I undertake for Credulous's *Execution*.—You can *sign, seal, and deliver*, too; can't  you, Maria?

Mar. 'Tis in vain to oppose you, Mr. Oakley; we know you will have your own way—I shall act

as

as you and Mr. Justin shall advise. I accept your asylum with thankfulness.

Just. If you have an hour to spare, Mr. Oakley, we will consult on some measures to get an earlier possession of this property than the Law will give us. I wish you a good day, Miss Maria, and Mr. Credulous.

Oak. I say Credulous, no rehearsals!—You'll be both perfect enough; remember, tho' you've had the sanction of the *Common Law*—you want a little *Civil* permission from his Grace of Cant—, and the blessing of some son of Divinity.

Exeunt Justin and Oakley.

Cred. These fortunate occurrences, my dear Maria, we should gratefully consider as the peculiar acts of Providence in our favor; and, when we shall have an abundance of the good things of this world, reflect upon the gloominess of our former prospects, and remind ourselves, that we hold the superfluities of them, in trust, for the benefit of all our fellow creatures, who may not be so happily situated as ourselves.

Mar. Ah, Credulous!—a very short time past, I was the poor miserable dependant upon the will of a rapacious and vindictive Brother-in-Law.—Now, have the brightest hopes of being freed from his Tyranny, and of being placed above the cares of the World.—And, a very short time past, too, you Mr. Credulous, was destitute of a support adequate to your birth, and was about to seek it,
amidst

amidst the fatigues of a Camp and the dangers and horrors of War.—To day you see with certainty the speedy restoration of riches.—But there are still infinitely higher claims upon our gratitude.—No, Credulous, I am not ashamed to confess the partiality of my heart.—May Providence protect us through life, with as much beneficence as it has now been pleased to bestow the unspeakable felicity upon us, that of the approaching completion of our fondest wishes.

Cred. And when I am forgetful of its dispensations, or of your Worth and Truth, “May that Providence forget me.”

SCENE VI.

An Alcove in the Garden at Deed-poll Hall.

Mrs. WOLF and MARIA.

Mrs. Wolf. I will not persuade you to alter your resolution to leave Mr. Wolf; I shall regret your Society much, but I cannot expect you to share my misery, when you have an opportunity of being more comfortable.—I must have patience and resignation.—Mr. Wolf was certainly the man of my choice, and it is my duty to regard him as my Husband; his ill conduct would not be an excuse for any improper deportment on my part.

Maria. I am very sorry that the duty which I owe to myself compels me to adopt harsh means—you must be sensible no lenient ones, will have any effect

effect with him. Here is Fil. coming down the walk, we shall hear some news of Mr. Wolf, I suppose.

Enter FILCHEY.

Well, Friend Fil, what brings you here !

Fil. Only a walk, Miss, to see Mrs. Wolf and you.—Mr. Wolf will be here in the Afternoon. There is strange work in Town.—Ferret and Bibbo have left him, and the devil has got among the whole crew.

Maria. Yes, Fil, he has had a good deal of employment among them for several years.

Fil. The Devil's work is almost done, now.—Ferret is turned Bone Grinder, Miss !—

Maria. Bone Grinder, Fil ! What is that ?

Fil. Why, he grinds Horses, and Cows, and Oxen's bones into a fine Powder, and sells it by the bushel to the Bakers and Perfumers to mix among the Flour and Hair-Powder.—Now your *human* bones are the best, but you can very rarely get them found.

Maria. What a horrid wretch you are, Fil !

Fil. 'Tis true though, Miss ;—and I dare say he will make money by it.—Bibo's gone too ; he is a Clerk to a Rectifier and Compounder.—Mr. Bats, whom you recollect, is taken up for opening a Letter, and making too free with a Bank Note.—'Tis thought he'll be hung ;—but I can't see how that

that can be managed, for there is no space between his Ears and his Shoulders.—

Mrs. Wolf. Well; but, Fil, how did all this happen.

Fil. Egad, I can't tell you; but there seems a strange convulsion among them. Mr. Goose, too, he's turned Methodist; and says, he dreads Wolf's Office, as he does the bottomless pit. But the worst of all is, poor Jemmy Shufflecrop.—Poor Jemmy! They have sent him to the Tower, for High Treason,—Tho' I do not think it is High Treason;—he only got by heart the *Citizens Address*, and spouted it out in public Company.—but he said, “He'd be damn'd, if it did not breathe the Essence of the Constitution, and was strictly according to Law, and ought to be attended to.”

Mar. And pray, Fil, in what honourable sphere do you intend to move?

Fil. Oh, Miss, in the public Service, under Government.—You know Mr. *Dan Calf*, the Auctioneer, who broke in Abbey-street, Holborn; and Mr. *George Scout*, commonly called *Black George*, of Patten-Garden; two excellent Singers, you recollect?—Mr. Calf now lives in Parisian-Row, Lambeth. These two *Worthies* are in conjunction employed as Informers, and make a very handsome income of it.—I am to be one of their *Aid-de-Camps* in the Hair-Powder, and Hat-lining Taxes.—'Tis but a beginning:

ginning:—But you know, Miss, 'Tis one step up the Government Ladder. — I shall add "*Esquire*," to my name. All persons in Government Employ do.—'Twill be, "*John Filchey, Esq; Treasury*;" — "*John Filchey, Esq; Somerset-Place*." And I have a presage, that it will be "*John Filchey, Esq; M.P.*" — That will always find me in the Lobby of the House: and there are a good many M. P's who are not to be found anywhere else.

Mar. Fil, you certainly will be a great man! But cannot you adopt some more respectable line to rise in?

Fil. Lord! Miss, there's nothing so respectable, now-a-days, as money.—Get money, never mind *how*,—and you're qualified for any Society.—Dress, Address, and Cash, Miss, will introduce a Highwayman into the first circles of Fashion.—Then the Ladies *Faro*. — There's an opening for a lad of merit—I intend to be in them.—At my *Entree*, — "Who is he?" — "Do you know any thing of him?" — "He is much of the Gentleman." — "Oh, Ladies!" (says a fellow of the same stamp with myself,) "He is in the confidence of the Premier; very confidentially employed by Government, and a considerable sharer of Secret Service Money." — This Account establishes my credit; and, with a tolerable share of Impudence, there is no request a Lady of the Club will presume to deny me.

Mar.

Mar. I believe, Fil, there is too much truth in your representation, —I heartily wish you well.

Mrs. Wolf. You may see if there is any thing to eat, Fil. I suppose you'll not wish to see Mr. Wolf?

Fil. I thank you, Ma'am. I'll get a bit of something, and walk back, — Mr. Wolf will be here presently. — Your servant.

Exit Fil.

Mrs. Wolf. We will go into the house, Maria. Mr. Wolf will be at home soon. I am afraid we shall have sad work.

Maria. (aside.) I pity my poor Sister: — there will be sad work indeed!

Exeunt.

SCENE THE LAST.

An Elegant Drawing-Room, in Deed-poll-Hall.

Mr. WOLF, Mrs. WOLF, and MARIA.

Wolf. I have received a letter from Mr. Justin, claiming your fortune.—I should have thought Credo's fate would have deterred you from compulsive measures.

Maria Mr. Wolf, I have been a long, a very long time, subject to your temper and injustice.—Surely there are Laws for the punishment of *Lawyers*, as well as other Offenders;—We frequently hear of their imprisonment—of their being

being transported; and there have been instances of their departing this life very ignominiously.—I shall suffer much on my Sister's account.—But of you, Sir, I will have justice. Your abuse of Mr. Credulous is but another proof of your cowardly disposition, which dares only to shew itself against the man, broken down by adversity, and against our weak sex.

Wolf. I desire you'll quit my house.—I'll have no domestic broiler within my walls. Dam'ye, go to Credulous, and see if he can support you!

Maria. You have taken care, Sir, to put that out of his power.—Mr. Oakley has with his wonted humanity offered me an asylum in his house, until Mr. Justin shall have compelled you to give up my property.

Wolf. Oakley and Justin are two fools for their pains.

Mrs Wolf. My dear love, why will you act thus unjustly? You know my Sister's claim upon you. For shame, what will the world say of such actions?

Wolf. Damn you, and the world too. When your opinion is asked, give it.—Begone, I say! vanish! make yourself scarce: be jogging, or I'll break every bone in your skin.

Exit. Mrs. Wolf.

N

Maria.

Maria. Detestable wretch! To-morrow I shall leave this habitation, once the mansion of honor and hospitality; now, of tyranny, oppression, and injustice. But your downfall is at hand, and you will fall, "like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Exit Maria.

Wolf. I wish you and your Sister were both in Lucifer's regions 'till I went after you.—What a damn'd fiddling fool was that same Orpheus! Curse the girl, she has flurried me.—What! vexed by a mere tiddy doll! Yet she, and her Sister, and Credulous, and many others, are so armed against me by the wrongs and injuries I have done 'em—I am become a very coward.—Now I must get drunk to-night or the damn'd horrors will get me; I shall be eat up by the blues—(*Fills a bumper*) "Here's to my noble self!" I enjoy that toast. What does it signify drinking to a parcel of weak Ministers and their opposers? Dam'me, they're all for themselves, and I'm for myself, so here goes again, "Here's to my noble self." (*drinks*).

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, three Gentlemen wish to speak to you.

Wolf. Damn three Gentlemen!—I want no Gentlemen here—Who are they?

Ser. Mr. Credulous, Mr. Oakley, and a Gentleman I do not know.

Wolf.

Wolf. Send 'em in.—*Exit. Servant.*
 —Credulous and Oakley, with Justin, I suppose?—
 Oh—to badger me out of Maria's fortune! Aye,
 they must badger me hellishly, if they get it out of
 my hands.—Still they are three opponents who
 require a good deal of management.—However,
 courage to overcome difficulty is honorable:—
 “Here's Victory to the brave man when hard
 pushed!” Dam'me, I shall do 'em!—I can pro-
 crastinate at least: Dam'n what may follow; what
 is confusion, or blood-shed to the covering of
 present purposes?

Enter CREDULOUS, OAKLEY, and JUSTIN.

Gentlemen, your servant! Be seated.—Credu-
 lous, hand the Gentlemen some glasses.

Cred. (aside) Confound the fellow's impudence.
(rising to get glasses)

Oak. } We beg your pardon, Mr. Credulous,
Just. } we'll help ourselves.

Wolf. Fill, Gentlemen!—“The Law.”

Just. }
Oak. } “The Law.” *(all drink)*
Cred. }

Wolf. Aye, there would be no living without it,
 Gentlemen.

Just. True, Sir, without Laws, no man's Life,
 Liberty, or Property could be in security; the

widow and the orphan would have no redress against the perfidy and rapaciousness of roguish executors and unprincipled guardians.—We call upon you, Mr. Wolf, on behalf of a female orphan—Miss Hardcastle;—She is, I presume, a claimant upon her late Mother's Estate?

Wolf. Yes, Sir, but that Estate was not so considerable as many people imagine. I was myself much deceived in that respect. Now-a-days, you know, Mr. Justin, most young men marry from interested views; and I confess to you, as a man of the world, I did so. But mark my disappointment! After paying the debts of the Father and of the Old Woman, defraying the funeral expences, &c. the Estate ended in a *Plene Administravit*. So that instead of receiving a decent sum, I have in addition to the support of a Wife and Family, dependent upon my bounty, entailed upon me as it were, by relative duty, the maintenance of Miss Hardcastle for her life; unless my friend Credulous, here, who I know has a sneaking kindness for the girl, will take her off my hands. But Gentlemen fill.—I'll give you a sentiment of my own composition!—"A due and *prompt* attention
"to the just claims of our brave Seamen (who
"ought never to have been called *Skulkers*,) on the
"part of Government; a humane and temperate
"command

“ command over them on the part of their Offi-
 “ cers—And on *their parts*, a proper subordination,
 “ and a continuance of the great and wonderful
 “ achievements they have ever, and particularly
 “ during the present war, performed, such as have
 “ rendered them the admiration of the world,—
 “ *Our Navy*,” Gentlemen! (*All drink.*)

Just. Sir, your sentiments are good. But if you please, we will proceed to business.

Wolf. I never talk of business here. This is my *Otium cum Dignitate*—This is my retirement from the hard labours of my profession. Come, fill, Gentlemen!—Mr. Oakley, give us a toast.

Oak. “ Trade and Commerce, unobstructed by
 “ War, and unclogged by the machinations of Law-
 “ yers !” — No offence, Gentlemen. You know the company is always excepted. (*All drink*)

Aye,—I have spent many a jovial hour in this room with your worthy old Father, Credulous; here the old Russia-Merchant would smoke his honest pipe, and relax from the cares of business. This, indeed, Mr. Wolf, was his *Otium cum Dignitate*.—He was a fine old boy.—If you had possessed half his industry, Credulous, you would have clapped a couple of wings to the old mansion, and placed *fame*, all over gold, in the center.

Cred.

Cred. Yes, Gentlemen, he was a good man.

Wolf. Fill your glasses, Gentlemen. Let's talk of the living. — Mr. Justin, I believe the call is upon you. —

Just. "Our glorious Constitution; and every Man in the community his right!"

Oak. Yes, that's a likely matter, while there are so many Lawyers in it!

Just. Mr. Oakley, don't be severe. We would not wish, Mr. Wolf, to press upon your retirement, but you are so much occupied in town:—and as these gentlemen are now present, and so materially concerned, I must intrude upon you. Mr. Credulous has made a Deed of Settlement of Miss Hardcastle's fortune, in case of their marriage, and has appointed Mr. Oakley one of the Trustees. The ceremony waits only the appointed time when it will suit you to transfer her property.

Wolf. I have already told you, she has none.

Just. I am sorry to be abrupt with a gentleman in his own house; but the pursuit and obtaining of justice, notwithstanding place and circumstances, is the absolute duty of a Lawyer towards his Client; and however disagreeable the means may be, for the interest of that Client, he is bound to exert himself, though it should be at the expence of
good

good manners.—I am therefore sorry to say, that without further equivocation, we must have a satisfactory settlement of this matter.

Oak. Wolf, give it up with a good grace!—Let's have none of your fabrications.

Wolf. (aside.) Damme, how I'm beset!—I'm as bad off as an Admiral in irons. — I must make the best terms I can, and get some time to invent a shuffle.—Gentlemen, in three months from this day, the business shall be settled. Aye, and perhaps I may make an addition. Maria's a good wench. Come, Gentlemen, fill your glasses: This is dry work.—“Happiness to the Fair Sex, and mutual felicity to Credulous and Maria!”

Cred. Mr. Wolf, if I thought you was sincere, I should most heartily thank you.—Gentlemen, let us drink, if you please, the first part of Mr. Wolf's sentiment—“Happiness to the Fair-Sex!” (*All drink*)

Now, Mr. Wolf, I must insist upon your acting decidedly. Either do immediate justice to Maria, or—Take your choice! (*producing a pair of pistols.*) These Gentlemen will see fair play. If either of them interferes, he becomes my enemy. Come, Sir, your choice! (*offering the pistols.*)

or ——— (*offering a paper.*) sign this!

Wolf. Let me lay it before Council, first, Sir.

Cred.

Cred. No hesitation, Sir!—You have robbed me of my fortune; — but you shall not reduce Maria to indigence, and bereave me of happiness, with impunity.—Sign, Sir, instantly! or this moment is the last of your existence!—

(*JUSTIN and OAKLEY interfere.*)

Stand off, Gentlemen! —— This to the villain's heart. I'll sacrifice him to the idol of my soul.— then let the injured Law take its course. I shall die contented, having rid the earth of such a monster.—If you have, in the Catalogue of your petty-fogging precedents, any plea of justification, be brief, and make it. Heaven may, perhaps, have some mercy on thy soul, being thus sent prematurely to its account. What, dumb—in silent prayer! thus then, I'll dismiss you.—

(*points the pistol to WOLF's head.*)

Wolf. Murder! Murder! Mr. Justin! Mr. Oakley! Gentlemen, will you see a man murdered in his own house?

Just. I disapprove of this mode of proceeding, but I am too sensible of Mr. Credulous's wrongs to answer for the consequences. I will not risk my life by opposing his wrath, made by the injuries you have done him, a partial madness.

Oak. If it must be so, it must. Come, Gentlemen, take your ground.

Wolf.

Wolf. Murder! Ten thousand Murders! —
(attempts to jump out of the window—CREDULOUS
lays hold of him)

Don't kill me!—You'll all be hanged!—I'll sign
 —I'll sign—I'll do any thing—spare my life!—
 cut me not off in the full bearing of my iniquities!
(CREDULOUS gives him the papers, and WOLF signs.)
 There, there, Gentlemen!—Now I hope you're
 satisfied.—Give me a half-pint bumper!—

(He is helped to wine, and drinks.)

O Lord! O Lord!

Just. Mr Credulous, I am very sorry you have
 taken these violent and unjustifiable measures.—
 However, Mr. Wolf, as the matter has ended thus
amicably, and without bloodshed, I presume we
 have your free consent to witness this Assignment
 of Miss Hardcastle's property, as your Act and
 Deed?

Wolf. Witness 'em!—Aye, aye! Dam'me, you
 may witness them, if you please.—I am almost
 frighten'd to death!—I don't know where men find
 courage. — What a brave man he must be to ex-
 postulate with a Ship's Company in insurrection,
 with a halter over his head!—

(JUSTIN and OAKLEY witness the Deed.)

Gentlemen, for God's sake, fill your glasses!

O

“ May

“ May Force never take place of the *mild* and *lenient* proceedings by law.”— (All drink.)

Just. Mr. Wolf, I have a trifling matter more to mention to you.

Wolf. Positively, and peremptorily, Sir, I demur to doing any more business here.

Just. A minute’s attention, Sir, if you please.

Wolf. Not the hundred thousandth part of a second, Sir.

Just. Sir, You must pardon me,— I must insist upon a hearing.—We have lately found some old Deeds relating to Mr. Credulous’s Estate, which we think of great weight ; and if you find them sufficient to establish our claim, will you surrender up the premises, without the trouble of legal proceedings ?

Wolf. (*aside.*)—*Dam’ me, I’ll throw off the man of honour.—I know there are no Deeds which can affect this estate but those which I have in close custody.*)—Yes, Sir, I give you my word and honour I will.

Just. Read that abstract : It contains a true account of the Deeds actually in our possession.

Cred. And “ now to supper with what appetite you may.”

Oak. How the Lawyer’s convulsed !—He is of all the colours of the Rainbow. —“ Angels and Ministers

Ministers of Grace defend us.—When the storm breaks, “Chaos will be again!”

Wolf. (*reading and most violently agitated.*)—Hell and Furies!—Death and Destruction!—May Satan burn and fire the earth! I have been robbed, plunder’d!—My life, my soul, my very being is stolen from me!—Where’s Ferret?—Where’s Bibbo?—Who the Devil?—How the Devil?—In the name of the Devil, how can this be?—’Tis so—’Tis too plain.—I’ll kill myself.—No:—I’ll kill my wife and children.—No:—I’ll kill Maria, Ferret, and Bibbo; set fire to the building, and cut my own throat!—’Tis all up!—’Tis all up!—’Tis all over!—gone! gone! gone!—Oh! my poor lost Deed-poll-Hall! (*Exit, in a rage.*)

Cred. The poor devil will go mad.

Oak. ’Tis only honest men who go mad; though this has been a *smoking* afternoon with him:

Just. I am sorry to see human nature so much debased by villainy and despair—But what could be done? He would have consigned Mr. Credulous to a prison, and Miss Hardcastle to a Poor-house without the least compunction.

Oak. Aye, aye. There is many a soul in heaven he has sent out of this world—and many a poor mortal lingering out a miserable being in loathsome confinement, through his tricks.

Enter Mrs. WOLF and MARIA.

Mrs. Wolf. For God's sake, Gentlemen, what have you done to Mr. Wolf?—He has pursued us from one room to another with the most horrid threats and imprecations. — We have left him in the garden, frantic and raving.

Just. Mrs. Wolf, I most sincerely feel for you, and am much hurt to be the harbinger of bad intelligence. You may not, Mrs. Wolf, be aware, that this estate was obtained by artifice, and the worst means, from Mr. Credulous : Such, however, was the case. Justice, as I trust in all cases it will, has at last prevailed ; but in the full exercise of its Truth, Equity, and Power, you are entitled to the utmost extent of its mercy and sympathy as an innocent victim.

Mrs. Wolf. I am not ignorant, Sir, of the precariousness of my residing here ; nor of Mr. Wolf's having possessed himself in the way you mention. I have expected the present event a long time, and have perfectly reconciled my mind to relinquish and submit.—I assure you, I shall do so with resignation and satisfaction, well knowing it is the just property of Mr. Credulous, and in all probability will be the habitation of my Sister. And (as far as consistently with the duty I am bound in to Mr. Wolf) I most heartily wish Mr. Credulous
happiness

happiness to enjoy his restored right. — I beg, Gentlemen, you will endeavour to appease Mr. Wolf:—the present state of his mind may produce some direful catastrophe.

Enter SERVANT (in confusion.)

Serv. Gentlemen, my Master has drowned himself! — certainly drowned himself! — drowned to a certainty in the fish-pond.

(Exit Mr. CRED. and SERVANT. — Mrs. Wolf faints.—assisted by Mr. JUSTIN and MARIA, she recovers.)

Mrs. Wolf. Merciful Heaven! for what new calamity am I preserved?

Maria. Be comforted, Sister, Mr. Wolf will be saved:—He has assistance—I think I hear something which indicates that he was taken out alive.

Mrs. Wolf. Pray, Mr. Justin, have the goodness to see what is the occasion of the confused noise I hear! I have not strength or spirits to go myself.

Exit JUSTIN.

Maria. Rest assured, my dear Sister, nothing fatal has happened to Mr. Wolf. Mr. Credulous is a man of honour, and will always risk his life to save his fellow-creatures in distress, let his animosity against them be ever so great and justifiable.

Wolf.

Wolf, (without) O Lord! O Lord! how damnably I'm soufed! — Curse you all together for a set of poltroons! — What! you had'n't courage enough to see a Gentleman drown himself? — You must interfere with his *voluntary exit*, and be damn'd to you!

Enter WOLF (*wet*), JUSTIN, CREDULOUS, and OAKLEY.

Mrs. Wolf. My dear Mr. Wolf — How could you commit such a rash action?

Wolf. “Rash Action?” — No rash Action! — a very wise one! — Finding myself hot, infernally hot, I threw myself into the water to cool — and (*aside*) — (if I had my deserts, I ought to be hung up on some common to dry.) — I should have been quiet enough at the bottom of the Pond, had it not been for these damn'd officious good friends of mine. — I suppose you are all hearty Supporters of the **ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY?** — Damn their Humanity, and the Society to which they belong! — What! can't an honest man endeavour to put an end to his existence, without running the risk of being brought to life again by the *gratuitous Directions* of DOCTOR HAWES? — Damn *Refuscitation*, and *Reanimation* — and all the Lectures which have been read! — When a man is determined

determined to sleep—"IN CÆLO QUIES:"—He never thinks of the other *Bone-bunters'* Motto, "RESURGAM."—Now, (and I know nothing can be said to the contrary thereof)—if you had hung me up by the legs, as they were wont to do, — or rolled me over and over, as they make a Norfolk Dumplin, I should have been choaked with a plenitude of water, and you had made a proper job of it.—You might have saved Jack Ketch the trouble of hanging me by the neck.—Give me a bumper of Brandy.—I forgot—I am so full of Sal. Vol. and Tobacco-Fumigation, and so sore with Scarifications, I did not recollect that I am in wet clothes.— (*drinks*) Gentlemen, I can't give you a Toast. — Excuse me; I'll change my garb, and be with you presently.

Exeunt Mr. and Mrs WOLF.

Maria. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to hear Mr. Wolf with kindness. He has borne himself with much more calmness after his attempt at self-destruction than I could have expected.

Just. Miss Hardcastle, this unpleasant business shall be concluded with as much consideration towards Mr. Wolf, and delicacy to Mrs. Wolf, as possible: but we must persist in the pursuit of intire and complete possession of Mr. Credulous's property.

Oak.

Oak. What do you think of Soldiering, now, Credulous?

Cred. I think there are too many Soldiers already in the Country. — I cannot think there is any body of men in this Kingdom who wish for an Invasion. — Men may differ in opinion with respect to Government; but all must be unanimous for the Defence of their Country, and the support of the true Constitution of it, Monarchy; a just proportion of Aristocracy; and a free, equal, and fair Representation of the People.

Oak. Well, I don't know but you are right. — I don't like so many red Coats in a commercial Country; and fifing and drumming in Merchants Warehouses:—

“ I hate the Drum's discordant sound,

“ Parading round, aud round, and round.”

———— I think I hear Wolf—how he kicked, and kept, moving when he felt the Salt! — I can't help laughing at the idea of pickling a Lawyer.—Here comes Moses, out of the bulrushes!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. WOLF.

Wolf. You may well smile, Gentlemen. But I am not in a merry mood.—Some little time ago, I was in danger of having my brains blown out, by
that

that mad fellow Credulous.—Before I could recover that alarm, Mr. Justin enters his claim (and I am now ready to confess, with great justice) to this Estate; so that in an hour or two, you have wrested from me near fifteen thousand pounds.—Is it in the power of human nature to bear such losses with philosophy? No, Gentlemen, I had determined to give you ample possession, by putting an end to my existence, but heaven has spared me: I already feel my heart open to a conviction of my errors. Mr. Credulous, I resign my title to you, and in presenting Maria to you, I give you a good girl.—

Cred. I receive her, Sir, as a Miser would the world's treasure; and will prize her beyond the most inestimable jewel. And, Sir, notwithstanding our late——

Wolf. (interrupting him) 'Pshaw! Damn your compliments!—Expressions of respect have been ever a stranger to my ears—The curses of the Widow, the Orphan, and the Injured, have been only familiar to me.—Hereafter I'll endeavour to merit their blessings. And as the instructor of my reformation, I'll appoint Mrs. Wolf (to the goodness of whose heart I have never yet done justice.) In the first place, I'll instantly liberate every debtor I detain in custody on my own account, and prevail upon all my clients to follow my example.—Dam'me, it will be an Act of Grace in honor of

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the nuptials of *Her Highness the Princess Royal*, and *Lady of Saint Catherine*, with *His Serene Highness the Prince of Wirtemburgh*!—I will then quit the profession of the Law.—I will not trust myself with the temptations of its practice. From henceforth, I declare myself an enemy to Pettyfogging, and a reclaimed Pettyfogger!

The End of the Drama.

THE GLOSSARY.

ACCOMMODATION MEN, are men who have failed in the world, yet preserve an external credit; ready to accept and indorse Bills; to become Bail, and justify to any amount, and give evidence; in short, to do any thing the Pettyfogger requires.

ALL KINDS OF WORK----All kinds of dishonest Actions whatever.

IN HIS AIRS. When a Man has been injured by the Pettyfogger, and complains, they call it, *being in his airs*.

BITT. Property.

BLACK LETTER, meaning the old print, in which Acts of Parliament are published.

BLACK: An Abbreviation for Black-guard.

BLADE. Rogue.

BLEED FREELY. To spend much money.

BLEED SOME OF THE DUPES. Take advantage of, or pick some unfortunate man's pocket.

BLED HIM. Succeeded in obtaining money.

BROKEN-KNEED. Those who have compounded, or been Bankrupts.

TO BRUSH To go away.

TO BUFF: To swear falsely.

TO BUM: To Arrest.

CAPTION FEE. The Bailiffs Fee for the Arrest.

CLOSE. Secret.

COPY OF UNEASINESS. The Copy of a Latitatt or Bill of Middlesex, which does not hold the Defendant bail for Debt.

TO BE COOPED UP. To be put in prison.

TO COWE. to Overawe.

CORIANDER-SEED. Money.

CROWN-OFFICED HIM. The most litigious and expensive way of proceeding against a person for an Assault.

TO CUT. To have no farther connection with.

TO DO. To cheat.

DO UP. To ruin.

DO THE KNOWING ONE. To over-reach a Rogue

DR. DUMAINAUDUC. A Professor of Animal Magnetism, (lately deceased) much encouraged about eight years ago by H. R. H. the D--- of G---r; and persons of distinction.

DUST. Money.

A FLAT : A timid man.

GAME CHICKEN : One not easily alarmed, and who will go through with a piece of Knavery,

GOOD LOOKING PICTURES. Alluding to his Majesty's Profile on a Guinea.

A GOE. Something extraordinary.

TO BE HAD. To be discovered in Knavery, or taken in.

A HOG. A Shilling.

IMPEY'S PRACTICE. A Book in use with all Attornies; being the Practice of the Courts of King's-Bench and Common Pleas.

JONES AND IDSWELLS. Three notorious Jew Rogues. Jones was convicted of robbing a Banker's Clerk, and confining him in a house in Hatton-Garden; the night before his intended execution, he hung himself in the cell, and was buried in Hatton-Garden.--- *Idswells*, two young men were his nephews; the one was shot in endeavouring to escape from the keeper, who imprudently conducted him out of jail in the night under a pretence of seeing a sick aunt. The other was hung. They were both charged with forging Stamps for Seamen's Wills and Powers.

KICKS-ME. Obtains his Ends of me.

LATITAT : The Writ which takes [the Body of the Defendant in London, or any County in England, except Middlesex, for Debt.

LONG-WINDED. Slow of Payment.

LUNGE. An attempt to get money, or take an advantage.

TO MAKE. To thief.

MIDDLESEX, } The Preamble of the Writ which takes
To Writ. } the Body of the Defendant in the
County of Middlesex, for Debt,
commonly called, a Bill of Middlesex.

MOPUSSES, Money.

NINE CORNS: A Pipe of Tobacco.

OUTNUMBER AND OUTVALUE THEM. Four Parts in five, in Number and Value of the Creditors proving under a Commission must sign the Consent to the Certificate.

OUT OF ORDER. A favourite expression of the Pettyfoggers, of the same meaning as being in his airs.

TO GIVE PAP. To inveigle, with a view to destroy.

A PETTYFOGGER, "is that (says a very good author) "among Lawyers, which a Quack is among Physicians, an ignorant Pretender; one that rather increases suits, than justly settles Peoples' Rights and Property. And *Pettyfogging* is the vile practice of setting persons together by the ears, and promoting quarrels, by assuring each party of gaining advantage "by going to Law upon trifling occasions."

PIECES. Guineas.

QUIDS. Cash.

QUOD. Prison.

RAG. An Acceptance, or Note.

TO RAG: To abuse.

READY. Cash.

READY ROGUE. Quick, cunning, and well acquainted with all kinds of Roguery and Deception.

RINO. Money.

RIGG. Mischief, or Roguery.

RUBBISH. Money.

TO SACK. To steal, or purloin.

STICK AT ANY THING: Not to hesitate or refuse to do any villainy.

STICKS TO ONE. Will not be refused.

STICK IT INTO HIM. To rob, or ruin a person.

SCALY. Mean.

SEEDY. Distressed, in want of money.

SHARP THING. An unfair transaction.

SHY COCK. A Debtor who a long time eludes the Officer.

TO BE DRAGGED THROUGH THE SHEETS.

To be made Bankrupt, procure fictitious Creditors, and to get a fraudulent Certificate.

SHINO. A Guinea.

SLAP BANG. A-la-mode Beef.

SMOKING AFTERNOON. The Word *smoking* cannot be better explained, than by a passage from the Roman History, in the reign of Alexander Severus,

Cousin German and successor to Heliogabalus the 24th Emperor. This Alexander, was one of the greatest princes that ever lived, equally conspicuous in peace and war, he administered justice to all the world, and would not suffer any one to squeeze and oppress the people. In his time, there were a set of cheats, commonly called *Sellers of Smoke*, because they took money of people to solicit their business, and procure them places, but never did any thing for them. One of this hopeful fraternity, had, it seems, taken a hundred crowns of a soldier, and promised to obtain of the Emperor, a certain office, which he was desirous of: when Alexander knew of it, he fastened him to a post, where he was choaked by the smoke of a heap of Wood, which was set on fire about him: Over the Post was this inscription, -----

"HE THAT SOLD SMOKE, IS STIFLED BY SMOKE."

SNUG. Enjoying a Companion or Friend.

SORRY WORK. Not worth while.

SPECIAL ORIGINAL: The most expensive proceedings for the Recovery of a debt.

STAUNCH. Faithful.

SWORN ROUNDLY. Sworn falsely.

THROWN THEM UPON THEIR BACKS. Defeated, or got the better of them.

TO TIP. To give.

TO TOUCH. To call to account.

WARRANT OF ATTORNEY. The Confession of a Debt, subjecting the Party to an Execution against his Person and Effects, by which he is imprisoned without Bail.

ERRATA.

Page 13. Line 15. after "only," insert "swears"

— 16. — 8. after "Ireland" — "King"

— 42. last line but one, for "his" read "your"—and in the last line, for "him" read "you."

— 43. between the 11th and 12th line, insert "Exit Client."

— 49. Line 23. for "own, read "other"

— 55. — 16. for "all the" read "these"

— 58. — 23. for "Gentleman's" read "Gentlemens"

— 68. — 24. for "thy" read "the"

— 69. — 14. for "near £40." read more than £50.

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